A CALIFORNIA PILGRIMAGE

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By FREDERICK A. BISBEE

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A California Pilgrimage

COLONNADE OF THE PALACE OF ARTS

A California Pilgrimage

By
Frederick A. Bisbee
Author of "A Summer Flight"

A Souvenir
of the
United Universalist Conventions
California, 1915

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Dedication
To My
Fellow Pilgrims

PALM IN PASADENA

PREFACE

The best of any journey we may take comes when we are home again thinking it over, and dreaming it over, and talking it over together, with something sympathetic and suggestive to jog our memories into activity. That is why these sketches and pictures have been gathered into this little souvenir volume. But there is still another reason, perhaps even more important. There were only a few hundreds of us who went to California on this memorable Pilgrimage; there were many thousands who wanted to go, but could not, and so widespread was, and is, the interest, that it is not only a pleasure but a duty to share, so far as is possible, the riches of our experience, and also to give some measure of permanency to what has proved to be one of the largest and most significant events in the history of the Universalist Church.

The audacity of the proposition to take our Conventions to the Pacific Coast, at first shocked and then challenged our people; we were not accustomed to thinking in large figures, and to many it appeared a dangerous if not an impossible enterprise. The large sums of money necessary to transport a delegation of respectable numbers and meet the incidental expenses, seemed to threaten financial wreck. But the fears were groundless. Through careful management the expenses of the executive boards of our four National Conventions did

not exceed the average of other years. More money was raised for missions than at former meetings of a like nature, the impulse given to missions will result in record-breaking contributions in the months to come, and the amount of missionary work actually performed in direct connection with the Pilgrimage marks the beginning of a new era of missionary achievement.

The purpose of this record is to show the personal and social side rather than the routine of business, which has had its own publication, but it is well to say of this unique meeting of our Conventions:

It was an adventure of faith, and a victory of faith.

It was a triumph of co-operation.

It was a revelation of our Church to ourselves, showing undreamed of capacities and resources.

It was a prophecy of a brighter, a bigger and a better future.

But after all, that which clings closest and is most enduring is the splendid spirit of fellowship and friendship developed through those memorable weeks together, when we, a group of Pilgrims, carried the message of our glorious faith from ocean to ocean.

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THE YUCCA

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A CALIFORNIA PILGRIMAGE

CHAPTER I

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

"It can't be done!" But it was done. "It will be so hot!" But it was not. "No one will go!" But three hundred did go. "It will surely fail!" But it did not. "We are not big enough to carry out such a great enterprise!" But we did take the largest excursion out of Boston, and the railroad men of Chicago announced that ours was the largest out of Chicago this season.

All of which shows that, sometimes, we know more about things after they have happened than before! But mostly we do not learn this lesson until it is too late! A good many who wanted to go did not make up their minds until it was too late, and to them the story of our journey into the sunset may be harrowing to their feelings, but in the interest of our denominational history we must write down the record which shows that the Universalist Church can do a great thing if it really wants to.

We are apt to balk at raising a few thousand dollars for the mission work of our cause, but when we really want something and are determined to have it, less than five hundred of us can, and actually have,

put up over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the best time on record, and an inspiring session of our Conventions as an incident. There are those who ask the old question which the Master answered centuries ago: "Could not all this money have been given to missions?" The Master's answer is just as good to-day!

It has been a long and arduous task making arrangements for the tour, and to so adjust it that it would really serve our church. From the first the Committee has determined that this was to be no mere excursion. It would have been easy to gather a miscellaneous crowd, but we have insisted upon a personnel which is identified with our own people. There have been hundreds of applications which have been rejected because the applicants were simply desiring to make use of our going to get something for themselves—those who wanted to use us as long as useful and then drop us. We succeeded in gathering Universalists and the intimate friends of Universalism; we kept them together and landed the whole party at the Los Angeles Church for the first meeting, and on the third day, when this is being written, the members of the party are carrying out the program and we are holding a really great session. Between sessions, and after the meetings are over, every opportunity is being furnished so that the enjoyments of the tour are made possible for all. But we brought out Universalists to attend our Conventions and they are doing it. It was no small task to work out the multitude of details, but with help from all, and with a fine spirit of self-sacrifice and willingness to make the best of everything, with a practical fellowship and co-operation on the part of all, we came into this wonderful land to find that our

gracious hosts had been doing equally great stunts, and had mastered their problem to the last detail, and their world was ours. More must be said later of the splendid hospitality which has made these Conventions memorable.

From an advertising standpoint, this great enterprise has been worth all it cost, for from the time when we entered the gate at the South Station in Boston which was marked by a big sign, "UNIVERSALIST CONVENTIONS," until we landed safely in California the people knew that the Universalist Church was on the map! In the East the law forbids signs upon the trains, but after we left Chicago a big sign, at night electrically lighted, glowingly lighted our way through thousands of miles of country, and in much of the new country this was supplemented by the distribution of our literature, which was sown as seed along the way.

About one hundred and fifty of the Pilgrims, representing every New England State, took the train in Boston, another group was added at Worcester, and still more at Springfield. Another car was attached at Albany containing the New York delegation. Utica, Syracuse and Rochester made their contributions, until over two hundred were on board. All these were in charge of three conductors from Thos. Cook & Son, and a genial representative from the New York Central system. We were cared for to the limit, and at the end of the first half of the pilgrimage, a vote of the members would be unanimous in commending the management, which extended to every detail. This is to be said in justice to Thcs. Cook & Son, that not only did they live up to their agreements in every particular, but were generous in making adaptations to fit every contingency, and we all owe a debt of gratitude to their representatives, who with

infinite courtesy and patience took from our shoulders the many petty cares of a long journey, and gave us freedom to enjoy unrestrained the delights of the trip.

And we did enjoy to the utmost. No accident and no illness, no unforseen event, marred the delightful companionship. About the dining tables we became acquainted, and within a few hours we were as one family. To each member the General Committee gave a beautiful badge and pin, the latter of sterling silver and enamel, showing the die of the "United Universalist Conventions" which has appeared in connection with all the advertising, and is sure to be preserved as a souvenir of real worth. Every one was introduced to every one else by the wearing of white disks, upon which appeared the name and address of the wearer. These were the "Who's Who" of the journey.

The second day brought a pleasant surprise in the form of the first issue of the *Daily Ugcwumaypcuss*, a newspaper, which was edited and printed on the train by a group of the young people, assisted by a large corps of the ablest writers! This daily paper was made possible by the generosity of one of the elder and most loyal and generous Universalists, who, being himself unable to go, contributed a traveling typewriter, to which was added a duplicating machine, by the use of which it was possible to issue every morning an edition of three hundred copies so that every "subscriber" was supplied. That this enterprise was a success was shown by such a demand for extra copies "to send to friends," as to put a premium on them.

THE.

DAILY UGCWUMAYPCUSS

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CHAPTER II

CROSSING THE GREAT DIVIDE

At Chicago our train became too heavy to run as one section, and thereafter we drove tandem all the way through. But we were continually coming together at important stations for brief interchange of greetings, whenever the tail overtook the kite! We parted company at Chicago in the early evening, after we had traipsed all over the village together, renewing our relations when we awoke next morning, at Omaha, where we became the guests of the Union Pacific for a day and a night, and we were toured across the plains along the new but already famous Lincoln Highway. Of which we wish to remark in passing, that it is better to enjoy this highway from a Pullman sleeper running smoothly on the rails, than to attempt to exploit it, after a long season of heavy rains, in a Ford—or even in an automobile!

There was a continuous procession of vehicles all headed for California, but we can not conscientiously say, going there! Some seemed to have become fixed features of the landscape, and from the hubs up were visible to the naked eye. The upper works were covered with the impedimenta of the journey, and the surrounding rocks, when there were any, became pedestals on which were perched lugubrious statues of humans wrapped in dusters and waterproofs, having the time

of their lives! There is no doubt about it, for the most of them it was different from anything they had before experienced, and after all, most of our good times are simply different times. It is not a question of better or worse. We nearly kill ourselves to get rich, and then kill ourselves again to get back to the simplicity of poverty. People tear the world to pieces to get into society, only to move heaven and earth to get away from society and get a rest! Those people stranded on the plains of Nebraska or amid the bare mountains of Wyoming, getting a cold bite from the lunch basket, tearing their gloves and blistering their hands in really doing something, filling their lungs full of pure air, and bringing into play muscles they knew not they possessed, probably thought they were having hard luck, but you run across them a few months later, and they will tell their experience with a gusto which shows that down deep enough there is a bit of genuine human nature in the most artificial of us all. It is such a wretchedly small house-of-self we live in most of the time, and we think life is to fill our small shanty with good things; then comes along an experience and smashes the walls of our domicile, and we find ourselves out of doors in the big world and in the companionship of fellow human beings, and everything is magnified, and we are glad to live.

Before we were half-way on our journey, we on the Special were getting acquainted and finding that there were other nice people beside ourselves on board, and it did not matter who were in the "uppers" or who were in the "lowers," or even who were in the "dr's," who had "first sitting" or who had second, for we were all one family, multiplying our own pleasure by so many

times as we made some one else glad. There is very little difference between a special train-load of folks and a world-load of folks! In fact, this world is just one of the Lord's "Specials" on a long tour of the Universe, and is being specially conducted! Mostly the passengers are contented and happy, but of course there are some who have not known how to live. They have not discovered the fallacy of our lowly friends the pigs, and so they are out to get all they can and give as little as they can, with the result that they never get out of their little pen, until they are fat enough to kill! Some time we are all going to discover that the real law of life is sacrifice; that we get only through giving; that no one can live alone unto himself without losing all he seeks for.

The conductor of the Pullman train officially pronounced our party the best one he had ever conducted; and we agreed with him! We came very near realizing the ideal of community life, which means simply that we practised the religion we were out to preach. And if we could do that all the time the kingdom of heaven would not be far away. But we had some preaching too. We had our special song books, "Songs Along the Way," and we had the fine portable organs, and we had some genuine singers, and regularly we had service in the cars, with addresses or sermonettes by some of our ministers who can only be heard ordinarily in the big pulpits of the big cities. But this was no ordinary occasion! These services will long be remembered by those who enjoyed them so much; they were really a benediction bringing us all closer together in real fellowship of the spirit. And there were other co-operations beside those of worship, for at times troupes went

SNAPSHOTS ALONG THE WAY

through the cars singing glad songs, and entertainments of a varied character were given in which the versatility of talent displayed made startling revelations of the wideness of the minister's education!

The plains of Nebraska were a novelty to the New England farmers, accustomed as they are to two rocks to every bit of soil. The far-reaching acres of fertile land seemed to show the extravagance of Providence when free from puritanical restraint! All over these wide acres the inhabitants had thoughtfully decorated the scene with picturesque bunches of cattle and horses, until we began to doubt there being any excuse for the high cost of living. Through this land we had expected to get our first taste of the blistering heat which those who remained at home had promised us if we did so foolish a thing as to go into the West in the middle of the summer. But alas for their prophecies! The weather was perfect, the frequent showers freshened the atmosphere and made clean and beautiful the entire landscape, there was absolutely no dust, and never was a journey made in more comfort.

When we woke the third morning out, we were just beginning to climb the eastern slope of the Rockies, but so gradual is this slope it was hardly perceptible, and before we realized it we were over a mile above sea level, and were twisting and turning in and out among the little mountains on top of the great range, and finding new surprises and delights in every turn. It is a thing worth while to feel that you are actually on top of the earth and almost everything is beneath you, just enough left above to keep your aspirations alive and active. A little way beyond Cheyenne we were at the summit, but had it not been for the figures given on the time table

showing the altitude few would have realized how near they were to heaven! But then that is a common experience with us all, we never know when we are nearest success, or when heaven is nearest at hand. Mostly we are always going to be blessed, or going to be happy, and in looking for that which is to come, we overlook that which is at hand. On top of the Rockies we sense in some measure the bigness of this world and how few people there are on it. How many miles we drove along with never a house or a living thing in sight, and then we would dash through some city, or pause at some station, and the groups of people would catch sight of the sign on our train and begin to wonder "who these Universalists were." And in one place where we paused for a few moments we overheard one native explaining to another that we were the "Universal Film Company!" Such is fame! But it was revealed to us as we traveled that the fields for our missionary work are broad; we have not yet touched the edge of our mission. And here we began the sowing of our missionary literature. We thought we took great quantities, but really what we had was but as a drop in the ocean. If it ever happens that we go again into a new country, we must take with us not less than a carload, and then arrange to follow it up with more. We have not yet learned the alphabet of missionary extension, and that is the law of our life, as it is the condition of the life of any church. We must grow or die.

Throughout that great country, with its new and inquisitive and aspiring people, there are vast districts where there is no church of any sect, and vaster districts where they never heard of an interpretation of Christianity which is sane and sweet and salutary and

scientific and sensible, and here were we being hurtled through, with our hearts full of the greatest message the world has ever known, and had to offer but a few little leaflets! But we noted how, perhaps but from curiosity, old and young ran eagerly to pick up the message we threw down.

In every one of these throbbing, thrilling cities of the wide West, that are growing so fast in material things, we should have at least a station for the distribution of our literature; even more, we should have a church for the proclamation of the Gospel of the Universal Fatherhood of God and the Universal Brotherhood of Men, the one and only solvent of the great and pressing problems of the age. And we can have all these, if we are willing to take our mission seriously, and not think of it simply as a means of more or less elegant support! The churches now established and the ministers now being sustained must recognize that measurably they are all failing, no matter how large the congregation, how magnificent the edifice, how brilliant the preacher,—they are failing unless they are reaching out with their message to the most remote fields.

We are profoundly impressed with the influence upon those who were on this journey, making them feel something of the missionary spirit for the Universalist Church, and we are sure that some of this seed scattered along the way will take root and grow and bear fruit. Would that we could have scattered a thousand times as much; would that we might have burned the name of the Universalist Church upon the very rocks of the mountains through which we passed, and left something of its beneficent spirit in the hearts of all whom we met! Some of this we did; we carried cheer

PLUNGING INTO THE ROCKIES
SEEING THE MORMON TEMPLE
A CAR-LOAD OF PILGRIMS

and hope and confidence to the scattered of our faith, we made many know of the Universalist Church who never knew of it before, and in the times to come, when they are seeking after a program of life, it may be they will turn again to it and find help. Of course we might have done more, but we rejoice that we have done what we have, that we faced a magnificent opportunity and were not afraid. We have shown that we can do big things if we choose, and are more ready to attempt something worth while.

It may be the big mountains, the bigger plains, the wide view, the larger sense of a new freedom; it may be the spirit of the Golden and Glorious West is upon me, and that is why I am seeing things big for our Church; but whatever it is, I welcome it and surrender myself to it. Never was the world's need of the Universalist Faith and Universalist Church so great as today; its theological work of the past was but child's play compared to the stupendous practical service it can and should render to humanity in this hour. There are those who are timid and will shrink from the burden, there are those who are selfish and will pause to calculate as to how it will affect them personally, but there are others, true disciples of the Master, who are ready to go at his command. I believe there are enough of brave and consecrated souls ready to set the Universalist Church on its way to victory, the victory which will bring in the kingdom of heaven.

It was noon when we arrived at Salt Lake City. For an hour we had been riding along in sight of the Great Salt Lake, the mystery of the West, and all longing for a chance to have a swim in water where we could not sink! Then we came to the city itself, not upon the

shore of the lake, but in the chosen place where of old came the strange people who have made of it one of the great cities of the world, and doing it all by a certain phase of the dominant motive of the age, co-operation. Whatever we may think of the Mormon religion, and against much of it we instinctively revolt, we must recognize the far-reaching wisdom which planned on so large a scale the realization of so large a thought. It is a beautiful city for situation; girt round by majestic mountains whose melting snows are commanded to supply most delicious water in great abundance, it is the throbbing heart of one of the most productive districts in the entire nation. On the face of things here is everything that man can demand, peace, prosperity and happiness! But—there is a fly in the ointment!

We were taken to a beautiful, a magnificent hotel, which has been built by the church. We were feasted as we might have been at one of the great hostelries in the East; no difference could be seen. Then we sang our songs and had a prayer and went out to see the sights, in sight-seeing cars and automobiles. We saw the park in which we were to have had our service had time permitted, and we entered the tabernacle, where we were invited to join in a service, which we could not do. We "did the town" in a most satisfactory way, and continued to wonder at the marvel of the thing. Here were the glorious results of co-operation, and yet never has there existed a more complete autocracy! Great things can be done when vast sums of money are contributed to a common fund either voluntarily or on compulsion, providing there is a real head at the head and no one asks any questions! Mysterious and mighty organizations can and do accomplish marvels, but there must

be some other evidence of the worth of a religion than a bank account and government control!

And then it was evening and we were away on the last lap of our journey, across the Nevada deserts and over the Sierras to the realization of our dreams, Southern California.

NEVADA INDIAN WICKIUP

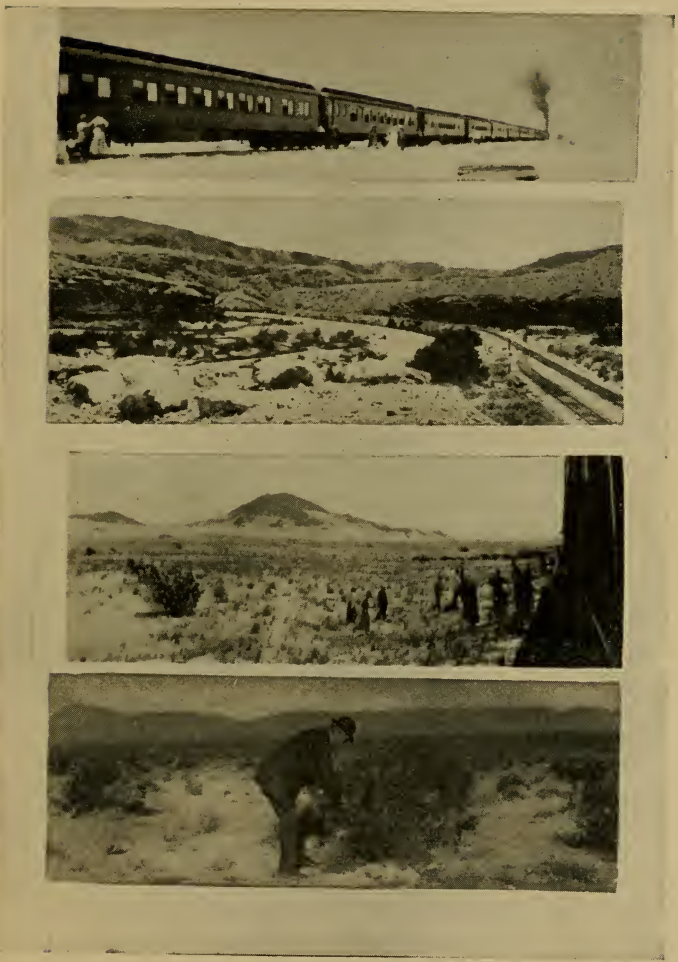
CHAPTER III

THROUGH THE DESERT TO PARADISE

We were out in the real desert, and one of our ministers—and a number of others—remarked: "Did you ever see such a God-forsaken country?" And within a few hours the same minister was reading in the service, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof!" But, like many others, he picked out certain particular spots which happened to please his fancy, as the special possession of the Lord, and left us wondering as to the ownership of the desert! To my thinking the desert is an especially choice possession of the Lord, and it is easy to find Him there. To those who hustle through its wide reaches when the heat is intense, as it sometimes is, and the dust is penetrating and the glare of the light is dazzling, and there is no green thing to rest the eye, and no living thing to divert the thought, there comes the instinctive thought of death, but the desert is not dead, it simply has not yet come into life. The desert is at the beginning of things; all the rest of the world is more or less far along the way towards death. The desert has not yet been born. It is potential with life. Touch it with the magic of water and presently it is transformed as by a miracle. Beneath that grey and at times almost ghastly face, there is wondrous beauty, beneath that insensible crust there is every form of

vegetable and mineral life, and but a little farther along the possibility of every phase of animal life up to the human—all unawakened, but waiting their time. When the proud cities of men, the productive mines and fruitful fields, have reached the end of their resources, then will the desert be coming into its own; touched by one of the fingers of God, it will blossom as the rose; instead of the thorn there shall come up the myrtle.

Only a few have seen the real desert in all its magnificent variety and its thrilling sensitiveness. It is not for those who travel in Pullmans, grinding its beauty and sentiment and vitality under the wheels, to know its mystery and majesty. Men go and live in the desert, and after they have lived there a little while they come to love it, and can not be drawn away. And sometimes it is given to the passing guest to catch a glimpse of its sublimity, and ever after he treasures the memory. To know the desert one must see it at night, when the great stillness is over all—when, in an atmosphere so pure that it weaves no barriers to the eye, one looks across the long, long distances, such as are known nowhere else on the globe, rimmed with great shadowy mountains which are so mobile in the fingers of the moonlight that they are like dissolving views of houses and castles where romance has its birth, and where poetry dwells. There is no moonlight like that we see and feel in the desert; there is no such starlight elsewhere on the whole earth. To be out alone beneath the stars, and see them, not stuck against the sky, but each one swung down on invisible cords until it hangs there in space, while the sky is farther beyond than the star is from the eye! And the moon is a new luminary, not the old, dead planet glowing with reflected light, but a



SCENES IN THE DESERT

living thing dominating the biggest world we have ever seen, and setting the mountains to playing hide and seek with their own shadows. God-forsaken? Go out into that wonderful stillness, lie down with your face to the heavens, and look into such distance as you have never known, look as far as you can, and then look farther, for new worlds are opening beyond, sense the bigness of the earth, the smallness of yourself, possess a thought of the universe that will be yours for the first time, realize how far you are from the puny sounds of man and the sight of his tiny creations, then look upon the mighty worlds swinging from the fingers of God, listen till you catch a bit of the harmony of a universe of order, and presently you will say, "Lo, God is here," and you will worship more truly than at any man-made altar.

It was from my window in the sleeper that I looked out upon the moon-lit and star-lit night as the train rolled on with its treasures of human lives, mostly unconscious of the marvels through which they were passing, and I caught glimpses of God's dwelling place, but I saw more and farther through the windows of memory —other nights in the desert in which I had learned to love and reverence this Holy of Holies in the temple of our God.

We were very fortunate in finding the desert in a most genial mood. We had been warned against the dangers we were inviting, by choosing a route which would carry us through "the dreary wastes" when the summer sun was high. And we did experience some excess of temperature, but not enough to make us any more uncomfortable than we are hundreds of times amid the hills of New England, for there we are stewed in a

moist atmosphere, while through the desert, though the mercury runs high, the air is so dry there is little inconvenience if we keep in the shadow. And it was all so novel to most of us, so entirely different from anything we had ever seen, and while we strained our eyes to catch a sight of habitation, or evidence of the presence of man, there was no sense of loneliness, for by this time we were indeed as a great family, each interested in each other, and each eager to contribute to the general good.

The *Daily Ugcwumaypcuss* came out as usual on the last day of the journey, and there was regret that it was the last number, for it had been chief among the diversions, and we found that the copies were being treasured. There is no doubt that some time when the centennial of this pilgrimage is celebrated, this paper will be reproduced in facsimile as a great curiosity.

As the day lengthened we climbed over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and twisted in and out among the spurs of the San Bernardino and the Sierra Madre, and were thrilled with the delight of real scenery. These mountains were not as high above the sea level as we had been in crossing the Rockies, but they were more abrupt and of sharper outline, and really gave a sense of greater grandeur. Then there were the, to us, strange forms of vegetation, the weird cacti, and later all the slopes were lighted with yucca, which stood like gigantic candles against the background of browns and reds and bronzes and greys, of sand and rock. And in the late afternoon we swung down into the valley, where the orange and lemon trees, the figs and walnuts, began to appear, and though it was out of season, there was an occasional

glimpse of the golden fruit of the orange nestling within the cool shadows of the dark green leaves.

The first sight of an orange on the tree is an experience only to be forgotten when the keener experience of picking the fruit has crowded it into obscurity. There are few fruits more picturesque than the orange; it appeals not only to the palate, but to the imagination. It is so attractive that it makes one wonder sometimes if it was not an orange rather than an apple which tempted our good old mother Eve! Certainly it seems more plausible to suppose that the lady in question was a dweller in the more salubrious climate where the orange grows, rather than in Maine or Michigan or Minnesota, where the apple reaches its perfection! Anyway we saw the oranges of Southern California on the trees, and later we had the pleasure of actually picking them; and of the eating—it is better that the records be erased!

We had made our plans to arrive in Riverside in time to hold an informal reception and have a brief service in our beautiful church, and we did, but not exactly according to program. There was a hot box on the first division of our train, and through its undesirable assistance we were able to see more of certain portions of the country than we wished, and at last, when we had reached a convenient siding, the second section went past us, the passengers cheering us with derisive messages and otherwise displaying their ghoulish glee at our discomfiture, and then speeding on to eat oranges and drink innocent punch and enjoy the speeches of welcome specially prepared for us! But we got there all the same, and though we were late, the welcome and the punch held out.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCHES IN
RIVERSIDE, PASADENA, LOS ANGELES

California would not be California without Riverside. The place is quite unique. The Easterner has come to think of oranges and Magnolia Avenue and the Mission Inn and dreamy days and dreamless nights and life ideal whenever Riverside is mentioned. It is all true; and the half has not been told. But when the other half is told we shall learn something about the condition on which alone we can enter this earthly heaven! There were no conditions upon us save those fixed by time, but then, better one hour of Riverside than a lifetime in Sing Sing, or even sixty minutes in Boston! One of the features of Riverside is our own beautiful church, round which cluster memories of sacred lives who carried our faith to the Pacific Coast, and recollections of one of our successful missionary endeavors, when by the united efforts of all of our people from nearly every state, we builded something worth while. When we came to the church we found it decked with flowers, and our pastor, Mrs. Irwin, with some of the friends receiving. There were speeches by the pastor and Mr. Carrier, a former pastor, with responses from the happy Pilgrims, and then, in our own way, each one decorated with a big orange, which was "felt," we saw as much of the sights as we could and were away again to our goal at Pasadena. Only a couple of hours by schedule, but there were some delays, and so it was nearly midnight when at last we were all asleep in the charming and restful Maryland Hotel.

At Riverside members of the local committee from Pasadena met us, and from that moment we cast upon them all our cares, and we realized that we were in the land of perpetual sunshine. This matter of hospitality

has much, if not most, to do with making life worth living anywhere and any time, for there is no time or place when we must not entertain or be entertained, and the secret of it all is not so much the bounty as the beauty, not so much the generosity as the grace with which we serve or accept service. Whosoever goes forth to get as much or more than some one else, or to envy another's getting, will lose all. Whoso gives hospitality which is perfunctory and ungracious knows not its joys and gives not its blessings. Out of our faith grows naturally the truest hospitality, and it has been exemplified along the way of our pilgrimage.

It occurs to me that somewhere between sketches, I have dropped out the mentioning of our reception in Chicago. It has not gone from my memory, but I shoot these epistolary arrows into the air, and I have no means of knowing when or where they light. I try to keep the connection by way of linking notes, but somewhere between Pasadena and San Francisco my notes were lost, and therefore I am liable to all sorts of omissions or repetitions, as it will be several weeks still before I can know what I have written! However, the thoughtfulness of St. Paul's Church in inviting us to luncheon recalled the former experience when we were on our way to the Convention in Minneapolis and we broke our journey in companionship with our Chicago friends. It was in accord with the thought of the whole enterprise, that we of the East should get into touch not only with the fellows of like faith on the Pacific Coast, but all along the way, and it was good to receive the cordial greetings of the pastor, Dr. Brigham, and the hearty words of Messrs. Hutchinson, Stevens and

Holly. Some time we are going to be a real Church, so big and so fraternal that there will be no East, no West, no North, no South, but something of the spirit of our name will take possession of us and we shall be "Universalists" and live up to it.

CHAPTER IV

MEANDERINGS AND MUSINGS IN FAIRYLAND

A week in Pasadena and Los Angeles is sufficient to justify a large expenditure of money and time. Aside from the sessions of our Conventions, things were happening nearly every hour of the day, and most of the hours of the night! Between sessions and during the time allotted to sight-seeing we had but to follow the plans of the local committee to cover pretty well, with the commonplace equipment of earth, the whole area of this modern fairyland. But we were impressed with the difficulty of giving instructions so they would lodge in the consciousness of those seeking. A large bulletin board was placed in front of the church which every one must pass in going in or out, repeated notices were given from the desk, and yet some would persistently lose their way. But there is this advantage in losing one's way in Pasadena; if you miss the place you are going to you are sure to find something better where you arrive! It was a bit disconcerting to feel the attraction of Mount Lowe pulling us towards heaven and Santa Catalina pulling us the other way! But there was the compromise on San Gabriel. All together we were able to see everything, but so much was seen vicariously that the only complete story must be a composite which no one can tell.

In Los Angeles we were first introduced to a common

experience of the "get fed quick system" locally known as the "cafeteria." This system, which originated somewhere on the earth—or below—like everything else which is transplanted to California, has grown to mammoth proportions, and takes root in curious and most unexpected places. The one to which we were first introduced was in the Trinity Methodist Church, together with a moving picture show and stores of various kinds. To be explicit, the Methodist Church has built itself into a great city block surrounded by all sorts of business from which it derives the income to meet its expenses, and the lower story is devoted to the "cafeteria," where we entered in single file, eventually reaching a counter where each one helps himself to a large tray, a napkin, knife and fork and spoon, then, sliding this tray along a track past all forms of eatables, he selects such as appeal to him, and at the end of the counter his collection is checked up; he then bears his loot to a table, satisfies his appetite, and then, if he has the price, he can get out through another opening—in time to start over again for the next meal! I can not say I approve of the system! It is too mechanical; it destroys all the poetry of eating. One has the feeling of being fed with the other animals, and the undeveloped possibilities are appalling, for in the not distant future I can see the downtrodden public not only being required to select its own food, but being compelled to cook it, or even to catch the chicken on the hoof!

There are the great sights to see—looking down from Mount Lowe across the crags and chasms and the foot hills to the wide levels checker-boarded with orange and olive, apricot and walnut, to the beautiful cities, then on and on to where the Pacific weds the sky on the

RIOT OF FLOWERS

horizon; then there are the marvels below the sea, as we sit in the glass-bottomed boat in the crescent harbor at Santa Catalina, and look down into the depths on scenes unparalleled off the spectacular stage, where colors are all a riot, and forms violate all rules of art to create a new art. There is nothing to which the scenery below the water can be compared, it is so entirely unique. The water is as clear as the air, and in a depth of fifty feet everything is as clearly seen as horizontally across fifty feet of distance. There are mountains and plains, forests and sandy wastes, and through all these sport all kinds of fish, many of them most brilliantly colored, and of freakish shape, until we lift our eyes to the familiar world with a feeling that we have just passed through a nightmare. Then we can wander or ride over the mountains of this lonely island out in the midst of the Pacific, and strain our eyes to the westward where, with the imagination to extend our vision, we can look into the very heart of Japan. For those who love fishing Catalina is a paradise, for not only are there many fish, but they are the gamey type which seem to enjoy the sport as much as the fellow at the other end of the line! A large party of our people made the one day trip to the island, returning sun-burned and happy, from a country more distant really than those across the ocean, for it is one more different, and after all it is difference which makes distance rather than the measured miles.

But it is the little things and the common things that are best, and after we have seen and seen until our eyes are weary, it is restful to sit in a comfortable machine, when the day is near its ending, and just be driven about the wonder-city of Pasadena, and see the perfection to

which the building of homes can be brought, and note how like jewels of finest grade they are fittingly set in the most beautiful surroundings of lawns and flowers and trees such as seem to grow nowhere else, and one realizes something of the luxury of life and living. Yet who may tell the mysteries shut behind the carved doors? And who wants to, even if he could? There is so little difference between the life in one sort of a homestead and another when we count it in essentials—enough to eat, enough to wear, just enough of comfort and content, and love, and it does not matter what the walls of the house are made of, or what the surroundings. All possessions mean care, and more possessions mean more care. There is the struggle of many to get a living out of a dollar, and squeeze a bit of happiness with it, but the struggle is no harder than that which is made by another to get a living and a bit of happiness out of a thousand dollars; it all depends on the habits we have formed. And there is happiness in the big houses too, no less than in the little ones, and no more, either! But those magnificent estates bordering either side of the wide avenues are beautiful to look upon, and the beauty belongs to all, and all can enjoy, while one pays the bills! Sometimes I have wondered how much satisfaction the owner of the big house would get were there none to look at it save himself! When the big house is builded and given its setting, then, save others come to see, the building is in vain. The most dependent people in the world are those who have much, for they must wait on those who have opportunity to give. The bird, if it thinks at all, must sometime think of gratitude to the thoughtful men who have spent years and millions in stringing telegraph wires all over this round world, for

MOTORING IN THE FOOTHILLS

the birds to roost on—so thinks the bird! And in something the same way we are all tangled up together with the things we must all be thankful for, and it does not matter in the least whether we are big or little, each is equally indebted to the other. I am more than grateful for the beauty and the joy and the satisfaction and the supreme glory of the wonder-city, but my gratitude reaches the maximum when I think I do not have to carry the responsibility of possession!

But the ride in the twilight was beyond the region of houses, out among the foot-hills from which we could look up to the higher mountains that were warming in the light of the setting sun. Every line was toned to harmony, and they seemed so kindly in spirit, taking into their great comforting arms the last rays of light to nurse to sleep in darkness! And then, with the darkness shielding us, but not without permit, we drove into orchards of apricots and oranges, and lifting our arms we gathered to ourselves the abundance which would be wildly extravagant in the East, but here would not be missed! As the child longing for a candy house that he might eat his way in and out, behold we were in a house of fruit and had but to eat open the doors! And we did —after a while!

Our church in Pasadena has been a conspicuous landmark on the Pacific Coast for many years, and its arms of influence have reached out in many directions with hands full of sustaining strength and encouragement to others. Our whole cause in Southern California has centered around this church, which is itself a constant inspiration in the story of its origin and life. The Pasadena Church illustrates what a big-hearted and loyal layman can do in the extension of the faith which has

come to be a part of his own life. Father Throop when he came to California brought his Universalism with him; he had found it good to live with and good to live by, so when he migrated to a new place he not only brought with him a supply for his own use, but enough to divide with his neighbors. His was the vision of a great Church in the rapidly developing land to which he had come; he saw in anticipation the Southern California of to-day, and he felt the need of the Universalist Faith in the unfolding, and therefore he with the help of ministers of like vision established our cause. And it was most fitting that our Convention should recognize, on this its first visit to the Coast, with appropriate ceremonies the two heroic names of Throop and Conger, which are to stand in high places upon the roll of honor in our history.

These men had the true idea of missionary work; they built for the future, they built with faith, they knew the principles of our Faith were essential to the development of the best civilization, and they made their contribution to the community welfare. They were wise enough to establish a distinctive church. There was a reason for the existence of the Universalist Church: it supplied something no other church supplied; the world could not get along without it. The church they built did not sprawl all over the lot, being everything to everybody, it stood for something, and they stood up in self-respect and compelled the respect of everybody. We have something to learn from these fathers of ours. They were not bigoted, but they were distinctive; with the broadest spirit and the widest liberality they stood up in their own shoes and were honored in their day and generation, and their honor abides.

Now we have a new Universalist church in Los Angeles. Its existence is largely due to the practical sympathy of the Pasadena church and other churches and people throughout the land who have swung into line under the masterful leadership of Dr. Nash and his forerunner and faithful helper, Dr. Canfield. And this new church will succeed just in proportion to its distinctive reason for success. It will stand to-day for that true liberality which loses itself in service without sacrificing its own character. There is nothing bigger in the re-

MEMORIAL TO FATHER THROOP AND DR. CONGER

ligious world than Universalism, it has room for all truth and inspires to all service, but if it is to hold anything and render any service, it must have something to hold it in and something with which to serve.

The opportunity has come to the Universalist Churches on the Pacific Coast at this time, when the religious lines are unfixed and religious thought is ranging wide in search of the truth, to say to the world, in the language of our real leader of to-day, "Here is the best thing in sight," to say to the whole world, "Be-

hold, we bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people,'' our unique message. We rejoice in the fine record of our churches at Riverside and Santa Paula, but we must look upon them not simply as results of missionary endeavor, but as beginnings only of the larger life there is yet to be. The time has come for our Church to grow, and there is no better place than on the Pacific Coast. We look to our Pasadena church to resume its leadership to larger things; we look to the present hour as crucial, and with faith and confidence we await its call of its new leader.

HOTEL MARYLAND PERGOLA

CHAPTER V

IN OLD MISSION DAYS

The Convention work was over with the adjournment of the business session at noon on Saturday. There remained but the banquet in the evening, which lured like a climax to our joys, the dedication of the Los Angeles Church on Sunday morning, the climax of missionary endeavor, and the Mass Meeting at Pasadena in the evening, the climax of inspiration, then the sight-seeing, when Southern California was to be our own until such time as we resumed our flight to San Francisco and the whole boundless West. But meanwhile there was the afternoon made ever memorable by a visit to the wonderful Mission Play at the San Gabriel Mission.

We went in a body—and also in the spirit—to witness the enacting before our eyes of the early history of California, when it was indeed a foreign land. Two special trains took out nearly four hundred of our people, through the foot-hills to the place where generations ago the Spanish fathers made their way up the coast from Mexico, and established the San Gabriel Mission, through which they were later to possess the land and the Indian inhabitants thereof, and form one of the chain of Missions extending all along the Pacific Coast. It was a form of peaceful invasion quite different from that in vogue to-day, and while there is no question but that if history were written with the pen of exact truth,

the career of these missions would reveal many stories of cruelty and bloodshed, yet this first crude step towards civilization was a necessary step, though we may wish it had been less harsh than it was. There are no traditions here of such wholesale brutality as that of Cortez, who gloried in his "religious" work, when he drove together thousands of the Indians in Mexico and gave them their choice of being converted or burned at the stake! But without question all kinds of pressure was brought to bear upon the simple natives, not only to be baptized, but to make generous contributions, and eventually, under direction of the fathers, to build the places of worship which the years have but ripened in their beauty, and established as the enduring monuments of that early period of romance in the making of America.

The Spanish architecture of that early time fixed itself upon our Southwest as the Colonial fixed itself upon the Northeast. Each has endured, partly because of the artistic sense, and partly because of fitness to climate and conditions. The passing of time has greatly refined both, sometimes to the point of elimination, but as there remain old Colonial houses in New England strict enough to type to preserve the standards, so these old Missions stand as permanent models after which a great deal of the building of California is shaped. And this inheritance has given this corner of our country an artistic touch which makes winning appeal to any one with a bit of sentiment and imagination.

But we were out to see the past reincarnated, not simply to look at and in and over the beautiful old Mission building, not simply to people the spaces with imaginative figures, but to see the real men and women

"EL CAMINO REAL"
SAN GABRIEL MISSION
SANTA CATALINA

of the ancient time walking and speaking, loving and hating, intriguing and aspiring, just as we do to-day, only in strange accouterments and with curious speech.

A great amphitheater has been built right in the shadow of the old Mission, and in this building, which seats several thousand people, and on an immense stage, the play is enacted which shows the three great steps of progress, from "The Savage Sensing the Approach of His White Conquerors," past "The Faded Military Glory of the Spanish Conquest," to "The Consummation of the Ever-living Faith in the Cross of Christ."

We entered the enclosure and were directed to follow El Camino Real, the King's Highway, which has been created about the huge building, showing in facsimile the series of Missions which, following the first established at San Diego in 1769, were placed at intervals of forty miles along the coast, which became centers of religious and military influence and control. As we passed along the highway we had a chance to really study the different Mission buildings as they are to-day in a more or less perfect state of preservation. For those old padres knew how to build for endurance, and it is doubtful if anywhere in America the earliest types of buildings are so well preserved, and many of them date back nearly one hundred and fifty years. Grouped together as these Missions are with their geographical setting reproduced, though in miniature, an opportunity was afforded to get, within half an hour, a knowledge of California Missions which could not otherwise be secured in months of travel.

And then we entered the auditorium, which was dim with a scarce twilight light, and there discovered that the way to see the outside Missions in true perspective

and coloring was through the open windows, and every spare moment between the acts of the play was occupied in feasting the eyes upon most realistic pictures; while we were the guests of San Gabriel Mission, we were presented with all the others.

To tell the story of the play which has been based on the wonderful book by John Stephen McGroarty, "California, Its History and Romance," adapted by the author himself, would take too long. But beginning with the scene at San Diego when the expedition from Mexico has reached a period of starvation and probable extinction, the retreat is held back by the faith of Fray Junipero Serra, who pleads for one more day's delay, being sure that help will arrive, and when the day is granted he goes to the hill-top to pray, and all day long he is at his devotions, while the others are preparing to depart, and then, in the last minute of the last hour, the miracle is performed, and up out of the sea, seemingly, rises the relief ship, and California is saved. Then follow the other leading incidents, all set with fidelity, and each dramatic situation unfolding itself before us. It was a wonderful piece of work and marvelously well done, and gave in a couple of hours, to the thousands who saw and heard, more of the history of the state than could have been secured through years of study in the conventional school.

Many asked me how it compared with the Passion Play at Oberammergau; but they are not comparable. The Passion Play is a product of three hundred years of growth and training, this Mission Play is as a mushroom beside it. The former is on a vaster scale and is set in the open, while this is enclosed. The former appeals with peculiar power to the religious sensibilities,

the latter, while also Roman Catholic, and clustering about the church, is more historic and romantic. But it is good to have seen both, for after all the eye is the widest open door to the soul, and these mighty events in the unfolding of our destiny as individuals and peoples, entering thus, possess us in giving us a new possession of them.

Out of this afternoon amid the earlier years of California history, there comes to me the suggestion that a supreme opportunity awaits our own Church at its birthplace. To reproduce the "miracle" of Father Junipero Serra is deemed worth the great expenditure of time and effort and money; why should not we of the Universalist Church produce the not less miraculous incident of the landing of John Murray and his greeting by Thomas Potter and the birth of the Universalist Church, on the very scene of its enacting at Good Luck, N. J.? The year 1920 will be the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of Murray; why may we not have the entire event reproduced in a pageant of such splendor as to attract the attention and attendance of multitudes? Think this over.

A PASADENA HOME

CHAPTER VI

SAN DIEGO AND ITS EXPOSITION GEM

To touch the details of the "After Convention Program," as the period of pleasure was called, would require that this series of sketches be extended, if not beyond the ability of the writer, certainly beyond the patience of the reader, and therefore, assuming that every hour was filled with interesting incident which was not filled with rest, a very few of the greater features are to be touched upon.

The visit to the San Diego Exposition was an afterthought. When the program of our days was completed it was found that we could have a day at the Little Exposition, and from all reports such a day was not to be missed without exceeding loss on our part. Furthermore, the management of the Exposition, eager for our attendance, set apart Tuesday, July 13, as "Universalist Day." Of necessity we must be there, and we were.

There is this to be said about any party on a tour, that if it is well managed and no one changes his mind and wants something different, there will never be any trouble. But mostly we like to change our minds and make new plans, and then it is hard for us to understand why it is that engagements at hotels and in sleepers can not be broken in America as easily as scraps of paper are in Europe. Thos. Cook & Son proved themselves most satisfactory managers, and in a wide canvass of

our members since the return we have had but votes of commendation. The management even went beyond the fixed requirements of the tour, and so far as was possible adapted the arrangements to the desires of their guests. This San Diego trip was not included at first, but when a vote by mail was taken indicating that about two hundred wanted to go, hotel reservations were shifted to sleeper reservations, and we were enabled to surrender our beautiful rooms at the Maryland on Monday night and take the midnight special to San Diego, where we arrived in the early morning.

The Universalist pastor of the Unitarian Church in San Diego, the Rev. H. B. Bard, had been working all the week with our people to get them to go, and he arranged that the morning was to be spent on a tour at Point Loma, the home of the theosophical cult of which Madam Katharine Tingley is the high priestess, not only to see the fine buildings and grounds of this society, but more, to take a voyage out into the Pacific on a sight-seeing automobile! For Point Loma is a long arm of land projecting out into the ocean and forming one boundary of the wonderful San Diego harbor, one of the finest in the world. From the hotel the route was through the business section of the city and then the outskirts, where we saw the strange, to us from the East, but frequently beautiful homes of those who abide in this semi-tropical land. It is about eight miles around the head of the bay, and as we swung across towards our goal, the highland of Point Loma, we got moving pictures of the city and the harbor, over which several aeroplanes were flitting, and across the straight line of our vision over the water, we could see the moving target, drawn by a motor boat, upon which the guns

from the fort were practising, the projectiles throwing up fountains of spray as they plunged into the waves.

Good roads wind in and out among the small hills on the Point, and we alternately were looking down upon

PICKING ORANGES

the Pacific Ocean on our right and the bay and harbor and city on our left, until, beside the old Spanish light-house of unnumbered years, we alighted to wander to the brink of the cliffs and look away upon one of the fairest scenes in all America. There are few cities more

fortunate or more beautiful for situation than San Diego as viewed from the extreme of Point Loma. Right beneath us is the narrow entrance to the harbor, which is completed by another long point, this time of sand, extending from farther down the coast out to almost meet the one on which we were standing, and back of this is the great harbor, perfectly protected and large enough to float all the navies of the world—certainly what will be left of them when the submarines finish their work! Beyond the city are the plains, once a desert, now luxuriant with fruit and grain harvests, and yet farther on, clothed in the thinnest veil of mist, the San Bernardino mountains. To the right there is the Pacific in all its majesty of greatness, for there is nothing to interrupt the view until it reaches the end of our world, where sea and sky blend in an indefinable line. Sometimes it is said that there are islands to be seen far away, but for us there was nothing to break the flight of the imagination, or to mar the picture of vastness which we were to carry back to the Atlantic coast.

We drove back through the beautiful grounds of the Society, and were privileged to be guided by members, young men students, to, though not into, the buildings, and into the upper seats of the gem of the collection, the Greek Theater, where we questioned the young man about the history and purpose of the society, and got very direct but hardly illuminating answers. Perhaps it is the mystic atmosphere of the place which took possession of us and stole away our senses, but two things impressed themselves upon me:

First, that the whole thing was abnormal, and second, that the abnormal, under skillful management, is about the best paying article on the market! Fourteen years

ago Madam Tingley, a disciple of Blavatsky in theosophy, took up this point of land, then but a waste of rock and sand and sage brush, and gathered about her a group of people, many of them of superior intelligence, many of them with money, and she has transformed the desert into a garden, and set in it buildings of striking architecture and decorated within—judging from the one we were permitted to look into, though a rope kept our profane feet from the tessellated pavement—with an adaptation of Egyptian figures and mystic symbols. There is a school for training young children, where it is assumed that the last person to be entrusted with a child is its own mother, and a college for those of larger growth, where the teaching is all voluntary, and yet it costs a thousand dollars to secure admittance. Now of course this is all very superficial and probably unfair, but the point is that any strange, and especially freakish, thing if clothed in mystery, and possessed of a leader with the distinct note of authority, can command the money to accomplish marvels. We are glad to have the marvels to look upon, and we enjoy the good roads, and the beautiful flowers, but some of us are so constituted that we can not enjoy that degree of self-surrender to another and retain our self-respect, which is of more value than many temples.

The shores of Point Loma on the Pacific side are inexhaustibly picturesque, composed of a soft rock which the tireless sea through the ages has carved into weird forms which lift their heads like gnomes above the waves, and scooped out recesses and caves which tempt the observer's imagination to people them with old Spanish pirates. But instead the American business man has taken possession, and outside of the grounds of the Theo-

CALIFORNIA STATE BUILDING AT THE SAN DIEGO EXPOSITION

sophical Society, the baseball king, A. G. Spaulding of Chicago, is developing a great tract into a future playground for the nation. And what Mr. Spaulding is doing for that small section, Mr. Spreckels is doing for the whole city of San Diego, until it seems, on a superficial view, that here is being created a heaven for those who have nothing to do, and have money enough to indulge themselves in idleness and receptivity! There is another view of San Diego, which is the real view, and the Board of Trade will be glad to tell you all about it, in which we see the development of the ideal of the little farm well tilled, and the little home of large content. San Diego quite made us captive by its charms of climate and scenery and products and people, and if Brother Bard will just listen for the call of the Lord to some other promising field, we prophesy there will be a procession of candidates hitting the trail for the jewel city of America!

But the Exposition is the thing! And right at the start, I want to say that the difference between the San Diego Exposition and the others is just the difference between a strawberry and a watermelon! Both are good, but while there is more of the watermelon,—it is not a strawberry. People have been wondering why San Diego had an Exposition at the same time that San Francisco made its appeal to the world, and the answer is that San Diego did not; she had hers before San Francisco, and she will have it after, and, incidentally, all along the way. The San Diego Exposition is different from every exposition which has ever been since the world began—it never had a debt! It opened on time with everything in place and all paid for. It is worth a trip of three thousand miles to see such a phenomenon.

But there are other differences which are of even greater merit which come as a continual surprise from the time we enter the gate. The buildings are a distinct departure from anything ever before conceived. The dominating ideal was to reproduce the elements of the old Spanish architecture with refined lines and with adaptation to the practical needs in showing, not simply the products of the world as other Expositions have, but more particularly the process by which they are produced. There is a radical difference between showing a pyramid of tea boxes and giving away sample sips, and showing a tea plantation growing and the steps along the way of gathering, curing, packing, distributing and serving at the tea table. And so with other things; "process" has been the key word of San Diego, and as the marvelous buildings are mostly built to endure, and to serve as a perpetual World's Fair, one is led to study both the exhibition places and exhibitions from a new point of view, and to find a novel and enduring satisfaction.

San Diego had a great park, great in area, but a desert waste, and then came the vision of its unfolding possibilities, and to-day there is a miracle of transformation, when a great mesa, which is Spanish for a high plateau with abrupt sides, has become the site of an idealized Spanish city, with nothing lacking to make it complete. Whether we came to it up from the valleys now clothed with every species of vegetation, or over the Puenta Cabrillo across the canyon, we find ourselves gradually enfolded into the mystic charm of a Spanish atmosphere, and passing the gate and standing at the head of El Prado, the main street of the Exposition, with minds and hearts prepared, we look down the long

avenue with the expectation of a child at the opening of the Arabian Nights.

Would it were possible to give some illuminating description of these buildings, but they defy the typewriter and court the photographer. And there is such a different spirit about the whole scene; none of the confusion and rush and roar of the bigger shows, but just the right, sleepy, leisurely, meditative air which takes the spirit captive.

After our return from the drive of the morning, we had scattered for luncheon before going to the Exposition grounds, and so it happened that a little group of four Universalists entered the gate, and, in duty bound, bought a copy of the daily program. We glanced over the features of the morning and then came to the hour of one-thirty, and read, "Arrival of Special Party of Universalists!" We looked at our watches, and it was exactly one-thirty, and behold, we were it! We had arrived on time; we lifted our heads a bit higher and formed a procession of four, and, no longer walking, we marched down the Prado!

What we saw would take a large volume to tell, but ere long the most conspicuous exhibit was the official blue badge of the Universalist delegates, who were arriving in ever increasing numbers, so that, in the end, Universalist Day became conspicuous, and an officer of the Balboa Guards, as the guardians of the public peace are called, approached me with the request from his chief of an official badge to file with the records of the Exposition, which request was gladly granted, though the demand for official badges had nearly exhausted the supply.

Going down El Prado to the Plaza de California,

passing the main exhibition buildings, all of which are worthy of continued attention, we come to the gem of the whole collection, the California building, which for beauty and grace and historic sentiment has never been surpassed. It is the reproduction of an idealized Spanish cathedral, with its massive tower with severe lines until the drawing together for the spire begins, when it blossoms, literally like a gigantic yucca, in the most elaborate yet always delicate ornamentation. And the front of the main building, fearless in its novelty, shows an arched doorway with a mighty window above which, like the spire, is a tropical garden grown in marble, and all this set against a background of perfect simplicity. Here one could linger for days, not simply to see, but to absorb grace.

Across the Plaza is the unique art gallery, which is of greater worth than the exhibit within, though there are some good examples of historic American paintings, and not far away the Indian Arts building, where are gathered specimens of the handiwork of all the Southern Indians.

But I can not pause with each attractive spot. Here is marvel after marvel, all joined by artistic colonnades through which we can pass from one to another without the sun lighting upon us, and through which one could wander for a season, and never exhaust the charm. Perhaps there is nothing more appealing than the concentration and consequent accessibility of these exhibits. One is not dependent upon artificial transportation, and yet it is provided in a novel form. Over the smooth pavements there is rolling constantly the Electriquette, a little wicker electric auto, holding two people, one of whom guides it with a lever, as it dashes along at a rate

not exceeding three miles an hour, which is the speed limit! "It is to laugh!" at first sight, but presently the luxury and the appealing laziness of the thing win over prejudice, and it all seems fitting to the whole scene, to slowly and silently creep about, lost to time and sense, until the chill thought comes that you are paying a dollar an hour to go almost as fast as you can walk! A couple of our people from Rhode Island, tearing about the Plaza in one of these vehicles, paused long enough to remark that "these things are all right in a big state like California, but in Rhode Island you might run over the border at any minute and get hurt!"

Along down towards the end of the "Universalist Day Program" appeared, "Dinner at the Cristobal Café by the party of Universalists!" and at the Cristobal Café we appeared in groups of from two to a dozen, and tempted Providence, by attempting various Mexican offerings, but coming forth alive to spend the evening, as the exhibition buildings were closed, upon "The Isthmus," as the Amusement Concession is called. Perhaps it is just as well that our space is exhausted, lest, lingering too long amid the frivolities, we miss the train which at midnight is to set us on our way over the Coast Route to San Francisco, and adventures new.

CHAPTER VII

"EL CAMINO REAL"

Not one of us left Southern California without regret that we could not stay longer, and we are assured that some of the people, at least, in Southern California, regretted our going, but Itineraries are like the laws of the Medes and Persians, and must be obeyed. And it is fortunate that this is so, for we have discovered that thereby we are often blessed in spite of ourselves! The independent traveler of independent means and independent time may see some things better, and in the long run, see all things best, but for those of the common human limitations, there is no place in all life's experience where co-operation so justifies itself, making possible for most of us the otherwise impossible. It is irksome at times to be pulled away from satisfaction and delight, because way back there months ago, we tied ourselves up to a schedule, and yet without the schedule and all the far-reaching plans made in advance, we should not have been there at all. Of course there must always be people who are willing when the sled is at the top of the hill to get on and ride down, providing they can have the best seat, but who resent indignantly the invitation to help drag the sled up to the top! We are always sorry for them, for they are missing so much of the sweetness and light and worth of life. But we must learn this great lesson of co-operation in all of our

Church work if we are to win any conspicuous success; team work is the winning factor everywhere, and that means having a program and following it. In our church life we have too often been guilty of breaking away from the Itinerary which in more or less of wisdom has been made, and sometimes adopted with splendid enthusiasm; some of us who have voted for it have

A PACIFIC BEACH

been the first to violate it, and too often it has been true that long before the Itinerary could be carried out, we have with enthusiasm laid it on the shelf and adopted another! There is a very big lesson for us to learn in this great Pilgrimage, and if we learn it, the price we have paid for the schooling will have been well spent.

This homely homily was suggested to me at the close of our sessions in Pasadena, when having seen how, by

all working together, we had made the impossible possible, and held a successful convention thousands of miles from the centers of our strength, and we had all had such a very good time; and when we summed up the results, individual and collective, they were all due to our working together for a common purpose, each making little or big sacrifices of personal tastes and desires for the common good. And so we faced the next event in our Pilgrimage, the meeting in the Exposition at San Francisco, with more of equanimity. There had been many anxious hours spent over that meeting, by the committee; it was a serious question as to whether we could hold our people together for an occasion so portentous, but after our experience with the big conventions, we were turning our faces to the north with more of confidence, and yet not without perturbation, for to fail to measure up in numbers and dignity to an occasion of such possibilities would seem like a disaster. But we were away to the field of our opportunity, as in the early morning our "special" pulled out of Los Angeles for the all-day trip to San Francisco.

It is rather hard to define the bounds of Southern California, for the atmosphere of that delectable land enfolds one through a long day's journey, and only passes with the day, when we climb over and plunge through the mountains about San Luis Obispo out of the daylight and into the dark, and still it lingers in beautiful memories to make fragrant the years to come.

One of the charming features of this whole tour was the unfailing variety; each stage of the journey was different from every other, and while we might have a choice of one over another as a matter of personal taste, yet when the circle of our flight was completed, no one

could omit from the experience any incident, without marring the whole. The fertile plains of the Mississippi and Missouri valleys, the deserts of Utah and Nevada with their weird charm, the Southern mountains dwelling in an atmosphere of romance, then the new Garden of Eden where amidst flowers and fruits, and never a serpent, we were suffered to dwell for eight precious days, until the angel of necessity drove us forth, to the marvels of the Northland with its crags and glaciers and jewel lakes. No, we can not spare anything from our glorious summer.

Those sun-lit hours beside the sea on the Coast Line will be treasured, because of their own worth and because they were different. We were a reunited family it seemed, for while we had been together at the hotel, yet we had sort of got the train habit, and enjoyed the renewal of the freedom of, for the time being, owning a whole train of cars. And there were new things to see. In half a century a new world has been created on the Pacific Coast, and every curve of the railroad brings to view new scenes, so novel and so beautiful, that our eyes are whirled from side to side, seeing much, yet conscious of missing more.

We of the East are wont to think of California as the "Golden State," because of her contribution of gold to the world's wealth, but while that metal may have been her commercial beginning, it was later discovered that the golden fruit of the orange tree was a more valuable possession, and even while the adventurous people who crossed the Rockies and the Sierras were enriching themselves with these products, another, even greater, was waiting the call to service. There is a striking contrast, almost shocking, along this route; from within the

closely built section of the city of Los Angeles itself, twisting here and yon among the hills, crowding close to fine residences and pushing into the harvest fields and orchards, down to the sea and really out into the sea, up as far as Santa Barbara, there is an ever enlarging forest of derricks with their slow and ponderously moving pumps, lifting to the surface each year more than one hundred million barrels of petroleum, of more than double the value of the gold called from the mines. Think of it; one hundred millions of barrels of oil! Some grease spot! No wonder that California slid easily into wealth! But to us these dirty and smelly derricks broke the harmony of the view. And yet I wonder if our artistic sense would have been so shocked if we had been possessed of a good block of stock in those humble wells? But we enjoyed the unique experience of seeing oil pumped out of the sea, outdoing our Yankee speculator of a few years ago who failed in his effort to get gold from sea water! But beyond the derricks and this side of the gold mines there were other and finer sources of income; in Ventura County they are said to produce more beans than Boston can consume, and all the way north to where Southern California ends, wherever that may be, each spring the almond and apricot and prune trees turn thousands of square miles into one vast flower bed, and later pour another golden flood into the laps of these fortunate Californians!

But do not fancy that all are fortunate, save in the fact that there are no climatic demands for clothing and shelter such as we know in the East; there are those who are poor and those who are sick, and once in a great while some one dies, but on the whole California is a

very good place to visit, when you have friends, a very good place to live, if you can afford it, and quite as good a place to die as any I have yet discovered! But some one suggested: "If only it was not so far away!" And I thought, So far away from what, and where? Isn't it curious how like we all are to the boy in the story I once heard James T. Fields tell to the boys at Tufts College. This boy lived in a little seashore town way down in Maine, and in the summer there came to the town a young man from New York, who because of his clothes and superior airs made himself conspicuous, and one day he met the small boy and, with much patronage, patted him on the head, saying, "Ah, me boy, and where do you live?" And the boy answered, "In that little red house up on the hill," and then trying to be equally polite, he asked the young man where he lived. The young man lifted his head haughtily, and with evident pride answered, "Oh, I live in New York City!" The small boy gazed upon him with pity for a moment, and then said, "In New York City? I shouldn't think you'd like to live so far away!"

That day along the Pacific was a reversed moving picture show, that is, we were moving and the pictures were stationary! But it is a genuine panorama all the way. So near does the track run to the ocean that from the car window, with a moderately long rod, one could troll in the surf for yellow tail, though he would stand more chance of catching a kid who was in bathing! But there are some views which will long remain with us, of sandy beaches and picturesque rocks and a glorious surf inviting to a plunge.

What a land to motor through, with the time to stop

at all these charming towns, each with its own peculiar attractions, and some with historic values, for we are following "El Camino Real," the "King's Highway" along which more than a century ago the Spanish Fathers built their Missions, and some of these can be seen from the train, but whether seen or not as we pass through the town, we can recall them from the facsimile we so recently looked upon at the San Gabriel Mission Play, and see the setting of San Buena Ventura, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, San Miguel, San Carlos and others. Some of our party were fortunate enough to come on ahead of our train and have a little time at Santa Barbara to see this beautiful city and especially interesting Mission.

All through the day we rode along just far enough above sea level to be out of the way of the surf, until, late in the afternoon, we came to San Luis Obispo, where a spur of the Coast Range pushes smartly out into the sea, and blocks the way for those who can not climb. But the train without a pause begins to climb, and in the next thirty miles, through tunnels, and creeping along ledges from which there are most entrancing views, we rise six hundred feet, and then in the next one hundred miles we plunge down again almost to sea level. There are few finer bits of mountain scenery than this one hundred and thirty miles, just before, for us, the night shut down, and what we saw of Monterey, and Santa Cruz, and the big trees, and Leland Stanford University, we saw by special excursions out from San Francisco. But many took advantage of our time and abstracted a day from the Fair, to see the beauties of Del Monte, and the Santa Cruz big trees, which, while not equal to the Mariposa grove, are yet big enough to

satisfy our Eastern eyes, and give us tales to tell which will cause our friends to look askance at us!

But somewhere along in the darkness our train was delayed, none can tell why, so that instead of being in San Francisco at eight forty-five, as was intended, it was after eleven o'clock when we wearily climbed on to the waiting buses to be taken to our hotel. The ride through the brilliantly lighted streets of the magnificent city which has risen from the ashes of the great fire, was pleasing even to our dulled spirits and wearied bodies, for we saw in vision immediate rest and comfort at the hotel.

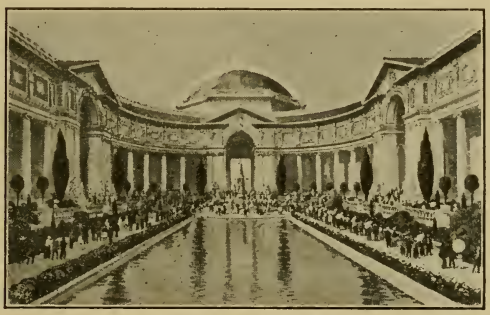
Alas, our vision was soon shattered! We were a big party, nearly two hundred of us pressed into the office of that hotel at the same time, and the time was near midnight! The hotel people had misunderstood, they thought we were some sort of a girls' boarding school, and could therefore be provided for in blocks of from six to a dozen in a room. They did not know how to handle such a crowd, and proposed making each one register in the one book, with the one pen, and then to assign them rooms in the order of their coming. And had there been no interruption it is more than probable that some of us would be standing in line before that desk yet, but here was where our Cook Conductor arose to the occasion and took command, and for the next two hours ran that hotel, and so it happened that we were all in bed in very good rooms, by three o'clock in the morning.

But there were some experiences before that time which can be related—and some which can not! Such mixings are seldom seen in good society. One lady finally got her key and went to her single room only to

find it already occupied by three other good and substantial single ladies! And then there is the sad experience of a most dignified minister from Massachusetts, who secured his key and was escorted by the bell boy to his room only to find it occupied by two ladies, who cruelly, he said, refused to let him in. He returned to the line at the desk and ultimately secured another key and another bell boy, but alas, this room was also occupied by a lady, and he sorrowfully wended his way again to the office, to be sent to another room, but the key would not go in the lock and excited voices told him to go away! He was getting weary and discouraged by this time, so in desperation he proposed to compromise, but his proposition was vigorously rejected, and he turned for the fourth time to the office and was seen no more till breakfast time, when he refused to make any explanations!

Two ladies secured a room most fortunately early in the game, and though they noticed a large valise in it thought nothing of it and went to bed, to be aroused some time later by a knocking at the door and a man's voice claiming the room, but the ladies were stubborn, and told him to go away, as they had gone to bed and would not be disturbed. So he went away. The next day the ladies went to the Fair and were gone until late at night, and on their return found their door locked, and a man's voice refused them entrance. They insisted that it was their room, that they had occupied it the night before, but the voice sleepily replied: "I know you did, you had it last night and now it's my turn, and I am going to have it to-night!" He was a "regular" at the hotel, so new arrangements had to be made.

But all things came right in the end, and after a good breakfast the next morning, the sun shone on San Francisco, the Exposition, and on our plans which hastened towards the climax of "Universalist Day."



COURT OF PALMS

CHAPTER VIII

SAN FRANCISCO THE PHENIX

He who goes to San Francisco to see the Exposition and misses seeing San Francisco itself has sacrificed an opportunity, for among the cities of the world, this child in their midst appears as a prodigy of daring enterprise, magnificent achievement, and heroic ideals. To those of us familiar with the old city before the great fire, the new seems but the fabric of a dream, for, with the knowledge that within a few years that whole vast area had been swept clean by the flames, the glory of the new in all its substance and beauty, throbbing with healthful and happy life, gives a new definition to man's mastery of circumstances.

I sat in Union Square in companionship with one of our ministers from a prominent church in the East, and who has traveled nearly the world over, and he told of standing on Nob Hill shortly after the great fire, and looking out over the black desolation of what had been so recently a proud city, and he said it was inconceivable to him how it could be possible to make the city live again, and yet, he continued, to-day there is hardly a trace of the disaster! All about us rose splendid buildings of modern design and construction, through streets with exceptionally fine pavements ran a system of cars unequaled in America, largely under the ownership of

the municipality, and scattered over the city were dozens of such beautiful parks as the one in which we were sitting. The whole thing was marvelous in our eyes, and it was to be counted among the chief attractions to take the sight-seeing tour which was provided in our itinerary.

But while we sat in the beautiful little park by the fountain, we talked of other things, of our recent Conventions and of the future of our Church, and our part in making that future what it should be. We might not have large influence, but that did not matter, we were to do our part to set our Church on its way under new conditions. The old had passed away, we were no longer straining against the current of opposition, but so rapidly was the religious world being swept along in the direction of our ideals that there was danger of our being swallowed up in the flood! Surely a glorious death to die, but, far better, a glorious time to live! But what was to be our mission? We had just come from the First Congregational Church, where we had been to worship and to hear Dr. C. F. Aked, having realized that this church and its pastor are conspicuous features of the life of San Francisco.

We had found there a vast auditorium seating thousands, and yet before the service began so filled was it that one of us must needs be seated on the steps in the gallery, together with many others. And we had joined in a plain and simple service, and listened to a sermon nearly one hour in length which held the attention so that not one of the thousands moved. It was what would be called a Gospel sermon, with the dominance of optimism and confidence and an appeal for personal religion as the essential factor in the throbbing life of

the city and the state, and the hope of humanity. Afterwards we spoke with Dr. Aked, introducing ourselves as "Universalists from the East," to which came the instant response from the preacher, "and I a Universalist of the West." And that is what he is in his thinking and preaching; though not joined to our Church he stands there at the head of the greatest congregation in the city, a heroic figure, fearlessly proclaiming his convictions. Later I heard Dr. Aked again when he presided over the World Congress of Religions which was held at the magnificent Civic Center of the city. This Congress was molded after the World Congress of Religions at Chicago, but did not approach that historic gathering either in numbers or dignity, but it was a significant gathering of representatives of the "Philosophy of the Great Religions of the World." And Dr. Aked was chosen to preside over the opening meeting, and the announced title of his inaugural address was, "The Faith of a Universalist." His definition of the term Universalist was ours in a very general way, but not specifically. He was to introduce the representatives of the world's religions and they were to tell the things they stood for, to outline their philosophy, and Dr. Aked spoke as a "Universalist" among them, recognizing and accepting the good of all, and the thought that the Universal God had spoken to His children universally. In this gathering there were to be no subdivisions of the great divisions, so distinctions between different sects were lost in the larger views of the whole bodies. There was a catholicity and genuineness in Dr. Aked's address which would have seemed to set the seal of the spirit of fellowship between those who "stood for

what is good and true,'' but it is unfortunate that partisanship flamed in some of the addresses. But this big Englishman with his broad faith and hearty fellowship has commanded the city and is a tremendous power for righteousness.

And this man and his work reveal that there is a generous hearing and support for a Christianity that is liberal and Christian, and while we rejoice in his mighty achievement in winning thousands, there are many more thousands in this city who are astray religiously, awaiting the message of the Universal Gospel, and making their silent appeal to us who have this Faith, to come and distribute to them.

We should have a great church in San Francisco; our meeting at the Exposition, of which you are to hear later, demonstrated that. Several times Dr. Shinn made an attempt to start a mission here, but his efforts were fruitless because they were not big enough; one must make a great deal of noise to attract the attention of so big a city. Over in Oakland we had a church building and a society. Many a year ago I preached there to a good congregation on one Sunday, when no regular service was being held but the church was opened for the occasion. And there was the nucleus for a large and flourishing church, which would eventually have reached over to San Francisco, but it was a case of which we have so many, of not holding on, and eventually we lost both the society and the building. Had we retained possession of the building we should now be in a position to revive the cause, for since the great fire across the bay, Oakland has sprung into marvelous life, values have gone soaring, and instead of being a suburb

of San Francisco it is a great city of itself, and becoming greater every day.

When I think of what we might have done in missions, and what we could do to-day if we were all possessed of a sane but irresistible missionary spirit, I feel that this Pilgrimage, which has revealed that when we really want a thing, a very few of us can raise one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to get it, should give us a new self-respect, and stir our ambition to take our place among the living forces for the advancement of the truth of Christianity. If we really wanted to place a church in San Francisco, as a few of us wanted to go there, we could do it; if we really wanted to place our Gospel of Good News at the disposal of the world which needs it above all other needs, we could and would do it. We have the forces, we have the money, we have the numerical strength to make this next year memorable in the upbuilding of our Universalist churches at home, and the planting of new churches in many of the growing centers of population throughout the great West. No other church can do our work for us, we are called to service. The opportunity is now, and every Universalist minister and every Universalist layman is summoned to duty.

But I have been carried away from my specific theme of telling about San Francisco, by discovering what Dr. Aked is doing with our Gospel.

San Francisco is a museum of places of interest, but I can pick only a few choice specimens. In the olden days the feet of the tourists turned instinctively and first to Chinatown, and it was not surprising, for that section presented to the American the one bit of un-

diluted foreign life and experience within our borders. Other nationalities without number were grouped in their own quarters in all of our large cities, but only the Chinese are invulnerable to American influences; a Chinaman remains a Chinaman through generations, no matter what his surroundings, and so when old Chinatown came into being, it was not by creation, but by transportation; a small section of old China was taken up and set down in the midst of the new city, right in the front dooryards of the newly rich who had built their mansions on Nob Hill. To step within that section, and the boundaries were sharply marked, was to pass out of America, while still within it, to find faces, food, clothing, manners, language, crime and virtue, all of foreign make.

Then the great fire came, and, together with the mansions on top of the hill, the curious old rookeries, with their interminable cellars and sub-cellars, the hives of human insects, were swept away. But in the rebuilding of the city, Chinatown, which had become so much a part of the community life, held to its old quarters, while the mansions of the rich moved back to the next hill. The rebuilding of this foreign quarter came under the direction of the city, and was made to conform to building laws, and to some extent to sanitary conditions. The buildings erected were like others in outward appearance at first, but within a very short time after the flood of Chinese swept back to their old quarters, they were, in considerable measure, transformed by decoration and adaptation, until, with the revival of the peculiar odors, no one can mistake the place, and as of old, tourists are taken by their guides to see the marvels of

life under what are, to us, unlivable conditions. It is an adventure worth the sacrifice of time and strength, and fraught with little danger unless one penetrate too deep into the intricacies of the celestial life!

It is curious how we look with wonder, and sometimes with disgust, upon other members of the human race, just because they are different; we are thinking that our ways are better, and they are for us, but it is no farther from our gate to theirs than from theirs to ours, and we are not quite sure we know and have all the best yet, else we should not struggle so! But we must admire the courage and faith of the missions from Christian Churches which push into the very heart of this foreign life, hoping to implant a few seeds of the Christ spirit of living together, however different the dress and outward circumstance.

To pass from the herding of the Chinese to the open of Golden Gate Park, is like going from gloom to daylight, but the transition can be very gradual if we will, for we can climb up to the new "swell" residential district at the top of Jackson and Washington Streets, and pass by some of the most strikingly beautiful homes in the world, but the march of years will sweep them away in time, out into San Mateo County and over to Berkeley, for more and more are people with the help of rapid transit once more becoming rural in taste and practise. But the homes are there now and crown the hill with beauty, while beyond is the mighty region of comfort in the miles on miles of none the less homes, though housed in less of magnificence.

And then we come to the Park. Like everything else in San Francisco, it is unique. There was nothing in

SEAL ROCKS
FOUNTAIN OF ENERGY
AVENUE OF PALMS

this great area of over one thousand acres to be preserved save the contour of the surface; it was a waste of sand and scant underbrush, a field for the artist of imagination, and almost beyond belief is the transformation wrought; here are roads, ideal roads, winding round about and over the hills, each turn disclosing landscape effects which charm the beholder. Flowers in this country need to have a different definition; we of the East judge of them as things of a season or of the hothouse, but here they run riot, and seem to laugh in the very joy of growing, and through this wonderful park, the lover of flowers is sure to have new, many new sensations of delight. Here, too, are the Museum with its more than one hundred thousand exhibits, and the Academy of Sciences for those of studious turn, while for the children of few or many years, there are playgrounds of every description; there are fountains and lakes; in every appropriate arbored niche there is a piece of fine statuary, and through all the long drive or longer walk, it is a game of hide-and-seek with beauty, until, at the end, we face the broad Pacific Ocean, and just around a corner the famous Cliff House, from which we look down on the Seal Rocks, where of old and in moderation now the seals rolled and barked and whined in the fulfilling of their ideas of life, and incidentally gave pleasure to the spectator.

But our ride carries us on around through the Lincoln Park and the Military Reservation, into the Presidio Reservation, where we look down from the cliffs through the Golden Gate and across to Mount Tamalpais, then on down the descent, through verdure hung roads, until we come to the high walls beyond which rise the towers

and domes and minarets of the gem of all World Expositions, and a moment later we are set down at the Main Entrance Gate, and the lure of the vision within is not to be resisted.

THEY CALL IT A TEA HOUSE

CHAPTER IX

EXPLORING THE EXPOSITION

The brilliant young aviator, Mr. Smith, who cavorted about through the air above the Exposition daily and nightly, tempting the dislocation of the necks of thousands of innocent spectators, enjoyed some unique privileges to offset the risks he took and the dangers he encountered. It must have been worth a good deal to get, in one comprehensive view, the marvelous pictures of this City of Marvels, which has been called into being to live its brief, butterfly-life, and then to disappear, leaving but a memory. Mostly visitors were enabled to see it only in sections, though from some of the hill-tops of San Francisco those who were not able to get a more angelic view could look upon, approximately, the whole scene which this latest, if not the last, World's Fair, has unrolled beside the waters of the bay, and just within the Golden Gate. And we who saw it thus looked upon one of the fairest pictures man has ever created. It is astonishing how much of the esthetic and the romantic has survived the materialistic spirit of the age; fifty millions of dollars were raised out of the commercial and governmental interests, to be expended in such a way as to attract people enough to insure a reasonable return. And then these commercial speculators, with their wise knowledge of human nature, invoked beauty, and art, and music, and the most extravagant fancy of

the human mind, with which to lure attendance. We call this a utilitarian age, but the most striking feature of the Exposition, that which remains most fixedly in the consciousness of those who have seen it, whether they like it or not, is the Tower of Jewels, and yet it is entirely useless,—except to look at! This must be said of so much that is here: pictures, and statuary, and colon-

PALACE OF HORTICULTURE

nades, and arches, and pinnacles, and minarets, and domes, and fountains, and flowers, and fireworks, and flags, and frivolity! Is it not astonishing that these "hard headed business men" "waste" so much money on "such foolishness"? Or is it not possible that mostly we have turned life end for end, and lost the real things while trying to gather that which becomes of value only when it is transmuted into the esthetic? Of course this

Exposition is primarily for the exhibition of the material achievements of the age, and we shall find them all there, but the one thing which will abide, and make this Exposition distinctive among all the others, is the unity and beauty and harmony which we shall try to retain in pictures, but which must ever be elusive as life.

It has been my fortune to have seen all the great Expositions since the Centennial at Philadelphia. I had my doubts whether it was wisdom which conceived of another for San Francisco, for it seemed to me that we had already reached the limit of ingenuity and ability, and must simply repeat, but I under-estimated the capacities of man, and came here to find something new, and to discover that a new standard had been fixed, which is sure to discourage any immediate attempt to achieve. Of course the exhibits of products can not change very much, save in new adaptations and increase in quantity. Resolved back to beginnings, everything we produce must have for its object either to feed, clothe, instruct or amuse man! It was the same back in '76 at Philadelphia, the same at Chicago, Buffalo and St. Louis, and at every county fair. There are new forms of food and new styles of clothes, but they are still food and clothes, and that is all. There are new methods of instruction and attempts at amusement, but in nature they are the same. We see progress along some lines, but never away from the fundamentals. So to one who has seen all the exhibits for nearly half a century, the display inside the buildings at San Francisco brings a measure of disappointment. But it should be remembered that the vast majority of those who are looking upon these exhibits, are themselves new exhibits! That is, they are new lives, looking through new eyes, upon

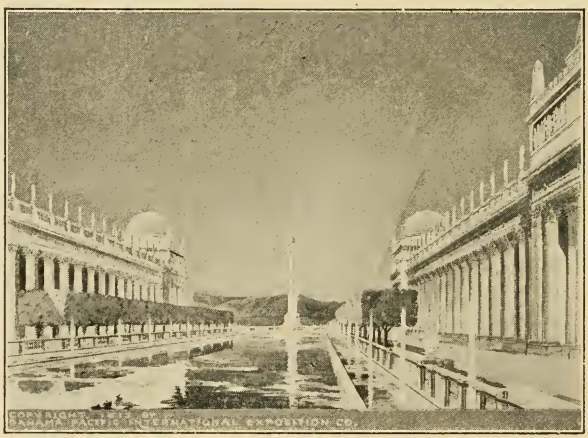
new things, and the comparison they are going to make will be with the future, rather than with the past. But for myself, it appeared that the real achievement at San Francisco was in the magnificent architectural conception which has here been worked out, so far exceeding anything in the past as to be in a new class.

Manifestly it is impossible to give a detailed description within the limits of a brief sketch, and as a matter of fact it is hardly necessary, for so much beautifully illustrated literature has been scattered broadcast, that it is inconceivable that any one has missed the chance of knowing almost as much as the visitor to the grounds. And yet because of its genuine beauty and worth, and because it was the scene of one of the great achievements of our Church, it will not be inappropriate to stroll about for a bit in this artificial fairyland, to revive and perhaps fix some of its features in our memories.

Passing through the main entrance, only the blunted or diverted mind can fail to pause to take in the magnificent sweep of form and color, without an inharmonious note. It is difficult to determine whether the gardens were designed to fit the buildings, or the buildings built to fit their emerald setting; any way, after the glare of the commercial city, the spirit finds repose in the swing of the eye from the Festival Palace on the right through the arc formed by the Court of Flowers and Court of Palms, with their background of Exhibition Palaces, to the Palace of Horticulture on the left, while the apex is formed by the glittering and graceful Tower of Jewels, and through that we look into the riches of the royal Court of the Universe. All this sounds very un-American, and, save for some suggestion of the old Spanish-American period, the whole ef-

fect is foreign, not connected with any one foreign nation, but rather a composite of the dreams of all instead of the reality of any. And yet it is American, for while the fixed lines of art control, yet the combination is new, and to that extent it is a new creation.

In the foreground the whole spirit of the Exposition is embodied in the "Fountain of Energy," where, on the sphere of the earth supported by the waters of the sea,



COURT OF THE UNIVERSE

stands the triumphant "Victor," symbolizing the conquest of earth and the bringing of the seas together. Here is a whole exhibition in this single composition. So numerous and so varied are the statues, each telling its story and making its contribution, that hours could well be spent in contemplation of this majestic work of art. And yet, while I looked, and looked again, I noticed how many thousands of people looking over and

around passed on without having seen, and when later I questioned a seemingly wide awake visitor, I was told that he had never seen this particular fountain though he had passed in at that gate four times, and out as many! That is the way with most of us; some things are too close to us to be seen, and, again, are eclipsed by others far less worthy. We live with great people in our own homes and never know them, because they are so close, or because of the glitter of our neighbor who sparkles just over the fence!

But even while I criticise my fellow visitor because he did not see my fountain, he is very apt to put me to confusion because I missed entirely some Court or Avenue or Lagoon where he found delight. After all, we are mostly foolish, or at least have our foolish spots! We find some choice bit of life and lose ourselves in it, and a great big world of delights remains undiscovered, and we are very apt to resent the different tastes of another who goes exploring paths which to us are unfamiliar. And so it is well that the Exposition is so vast and varied, for each can have pleasure after his kind, and none may monopolize the whole.

I saw a great deal, and yet I am continually hearing of the things I did not see, and the chances are if I were to tell of all the things which came within my range, yet would one of our own party arise and prove my poverty because of something I missed along the way.

The courts about which the buildings are grouped are strikingly beautiful, and each affords a restful and refreshing stopping place, for in each, after its own peculiar genius, are displayed works of art of real artistic and historic worth. Surrounding them all are colonnades majestic in their size and beauty, and whether we look

from without to the within, or from the within to the without, or sit in contemplation of the beauties enclosed, there are few instances in the world where a graceful thought has found a more graceful embodiment. In the three central courts, that of "The Universe," which is the heart of the whole scheme, the Court of the Seasons, or the Court of Abundance, in which last the Celebration of Universalist Day was observed, we are impressed with the magnitude and the consistent working out of the thought of the artist. Looking upon the Arch of the Rising Sun, which forms one side of the Court of the Universe, we see a creation which is impressive in its majestic proportions, and is crowned with a group of statuary representing the approach of the Nations of the East coming to greet the Nations of the West, which occupies an equally conspicuous place on the other side, while in the center there is a fountain, or rather a group of fountains, of such vast detail of sculpture and ornamentation as to forbid description, and from this center we look out past the exquisite Column of Human Progress, and over the bay, to the real mountains miles away, but all so softened by the mists as to blend into a picture of rare beauty.

But we all had our favorites among the creations of the fairyland, and mine was the Palace of Art, which is not surpassed by anything in this country, nor in Europe so far as my experience goes. A little apart from the more material interests very appropriately, and separated by a beautiful lagoon, surrounded by a luxuriance of vegetation, a structure has been erected which, while indebted to the Temple of the Sun at old Athens for suggestion, is yet one of the most original conceptions which has taken material form. The build-

ROUND ABOUT THE FAIR

ing takes the form of a half circle over one thousand feet in length with an impressive entrance at the inner center, which faces a rotunda of splendid proportions on the very brink of the lagoon. The circle is followed by a colonnade of such proportions, in height and sweep, as to surpass anything of the kind ever before attempted. Each Corinthian column is in itself a marvel, but all together form a highway so awe-inspiring that even the careless must approach the door to the art exhibit with reverence. At the foot of each column, and wisely placed amidst the shrubbery, which is tropical in its profusion, there are innumerable statues, so that the visitor is enjoying art before entering its palace. I have never found anything in the way of a building, in all my world, so thoroughly satisfactory, furnishing such enduring enjoyment, as this Palace of Art, and it fills one with sadness to think that within a few months it must pass with all the lesser charms of the Exposition, and be no more.

Of the exhibit within, I have not the space or the ability to write, other than to say that there is a very marked difference between this display and those in former World's Fairs, for the war in Europe has limited the contributions of many of the countries rich in art which have heretofore been most conspicuous. However, most of the countries have made a brave attempt, and the collection of foreign works is of great merit. But the conspicuous effect of the lessening of foreign exhibits has been to give room for and encourage probably the most extensive showing of American art which has ever been made, and we must be proud of our nation's achievements. Days and even weeks could be spent within the spell of this Palace, but, as with most of the

visitors, time became a determining factor and crowded me along to other attractions, perhaps, in their way, not less worthy.

As compared with other Expositions, the San Francisco Fair is small in area, which is greatly to its advantage, making it so much more accessible. But by the time one has spent six or eight hours going about, even if he has been assisted on his way by the ridiculous little "Worm Trains" which go creeping about among the crowds, affording a most practical means of transportation, he welcomes the approach of darkness and turns his face towards the Esplanade, extending along the shore of the bay, there to be one of such a multitude as is seldom seen, and watch the glorification of the whole scene, in the nightly illumination.

I wish it were possible to describe this mastery of light and shade and color, with transformations on so vast a scale as to be almost unbelievable, but one can only give a hint as a reminder to those who saw, and a suggestion to those who did not. In the daylight the coloring of the buildings is very restful and pleasing, a rich cream, with just a suggestion of tint in more living color, a most agreeable change from the glaring white to which we have been accustomed, but the modifying of the glare hastens the effect of the darkness. With sixty thousand people, coming from all parts of the world, a little group of us sat in the deepening twilight and watched the Tower of Jewels, the massive walls of the buildings, the warships out in the bay, and at last the people around us, disappear behind the curtain of darkness, and then in a few minutes, amidst a silence which commanded us all, we felt rather than saw a soft glow of light reaching farther and farther through the colonnades, and

CALIFORNIA BUILDING

deeper and deeper into the arches. There were no actual lights visible, for this remarkable effect is produced by indirect illumination. And so columns and figures and faces and finally buildings, the lofty tower, and the ships on the sea were born anew, and then out in the very sky above us there swept a great ribbon of light which was looped and twisted into all sorts of fantastic forms, and we knew that the aviator was up there with his aeroplane outlining his gyrations in fire. Then of a sudden, from the gigantic electric plant on the edge of the water there sprang forth the long fingers of the searchlights feeling through the air until they found the glistening tower, or gilded dome, or the fleeing aeroplane, and then held them for our amazed sight, only a second later to change the white light to a veritable Niagara of colors flowing up and over and through, until we were literally engulfed in a sea of glory! There are fireworks, too, and they are wonderful of their kind, but to me there has never come to my eyes a spectacle quite so wonderful as the illumination, when, in this new and beautiful world which man had conceived and created, man said, "Let there be light." And there was light.

CHAPTER X

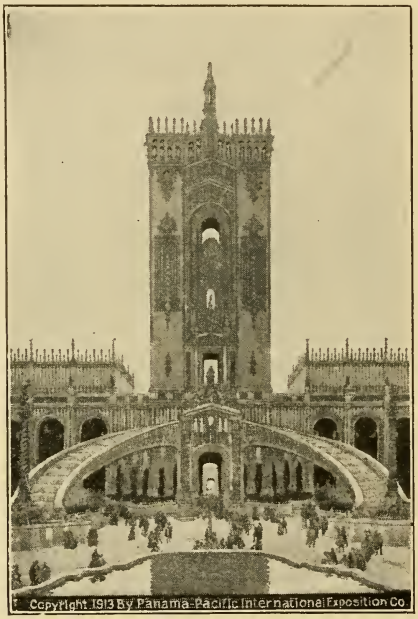
"UNIVERSALIST DAY" AT THE EXPOSITION

"Universalist Day" at the Panama-Pacific Exposition will be memorable in our history, and at least have a place in the enduring records of the Exposition. It was a venture of faith which occasioned many anxious hours on the part of the committee, and questions as to its wisdom were raised by many who were able to appreciate not only its opportunity but its risks. A success would mean much, a failure might mean more!

To secure a "Day" on the program, certain fixed conditions were to be met: In the first place the organization receiving the honor must, on a set date and hour, appear in a body at the main entrance, to be met by the officials of the Exposition, there to be photographed by the official photographer, then, under the lead of the Exposition band, to march in procession to the place of meeting in the Court of Abundance. There, after music by the band, an address of welcome to be delivered by a Commissioner of the Fair, to which the president of the organization is not only to respond in words of courtesy, but to deliver an address, reciting the history and purpose of the organization, which address is to be in typewritten form, and filed with the officials as a part of the permanent records of the Exposition. After this the order of exercises may be carried out, with such speaking and music as may have been provided.

To meet these conditions in such a way as to dignify the occasion and do honor to the Church, at first seemed quite impossible, for we have no local church in San Francisco to furnish the nucleus for such a gathering. We had taken something over three hundred from the East to the Conventions in Pasadena, but many of these had scattered after the sessions were over, and others had remained for a more extended visit in the South, so that only a part of our delegates were with us in the city, and to add to our discomfiture it was found that the large party which was to return *via* the Yellowstone Park would be obliged to leave early on our day, as the crowded condition of the Park would make it impossible to secure accommodations otherwise, so we were to lose a large group of some of our most prominent members. It did not look like the gathering of a very imposing "body" at the Main Gate! And as for the procession, I was reminded of the little girl who, being invited to some entertainment, said she could not go, because her "club" was to have a procession that day and she was to lead it! An interested friend asked, "How many are there in your club?" and the small child answered, "We have a membership of three, but one is out of town and the rest of us are going to parade!" What were we to show in the way of membership? The humiliating picture was presented to our imagination of the great Exposition band of thirty pieces leading a procession of a dozen or two of Universalists in observance of Universalist Day! I confess that my sleep on that Saturday night was disturbed! If every Universalist we knew of in the city were to "turn out" we could not count on more than two hundred, and we knew that some of these would fail us. Our day had been well advertised in the

official program and by the bulletins, and the committee had spent some money and hard work with the newspapers, and circulated announcements, but we approached the hour with trepidation.



COURT OF ABUNDANCE

It was not my privilege to witness the gathering at the Main Gate, to be included in the official photograph, or to participate in the procession. At the time I was rather doubtful about the desirability of facing the possibility of humiliation, but since, I have been disposed

to resent the fate which prevented me from being in at the beginning. But necessity required that one member of the committee should be in the Court of Abundance, to see about the arranging of the platform, the meeting of the choir, and to greet the Commissioner of the Exposition who was to extend the welcome, so it transpired that Dr. McGlauflin, the chairman, who had worked early and late for the success of the enterprise, went forth to meet—what, he did not know!—while I remained to await the coming of—what, I knew not. I confess that during that half hour when waiting I had several chills of apprehension. Here was this vast court in which fifty thousand people could easily be accommodated, and which was not infrequently filled to hear the concerts by Sousa's band; there before me were seats arranged for a thousand people, and as the hour of three o'clock approached, a few, mostly strangers, came straggling into the seats, until there were about eighty of the chairs occupied. It was a place in which a crowd was necessary, an individual looked so small against the background of those majestic colonnades; the platform, far bigger than the auditorium of any church, its back wall formed by the fine north tower and arch of the Court, and fronting the rows of seats and back of them the beautiful fountain, was itself impressive. There was such a sense of bigness, of opportunity—truly I was in the Court of Abundance. Could we, so few of us, so far from any of our centers, make any showing at all?

The Commissioner arrived, Mr. Charles A. Vogelsang, and introduced himself, and immediately asked me to tell him who we were and what we stood for. He admitted that he knew we were a religious body, but beyond that he knew nothing, so in five minutes I told him of our

name, faith, history, work and purpose, and as I finished, he said, "Why, I am a Universalist!" "Then," I said, "you must wear our badge," and he took my official badge and pin, and a few minutes later spoke his welcome as one of us.

But presently came the sound of music, and I looked across the Court to the arch on the other side to see what was coming—would there be fifty or a hundred? How I hoped for at least one hundred and twenty to go with the eighty already seated. And then through the noble arch swung the band, followed to my amazement and joy by a noble procession. On they came, two by two, led by the officials of the Exposition and the officers of our four organizations, to the number, by actual count, of over six hundred, and then came from all directions those who were drawn by curiosity probably, or by the music, until more than a thousand people were present during some part of the long exercises.

Where did they come from? It was only after the exercises were over that I could answer, but then there came forward so many strangers to ask, "Is there any one here from Bangor, Maine? I used to belong to the Universalist Church in that city years ago. Now I live just out of San Francisco, and am so glad to see some Universalists again." Then another asked about some other place, and so on and on, until it was revealed that these people who had joined our procession really belonged to us. And here were hundreds of them from all over Central California who did not know each other, but who had seen the notice of the gathering of Universalists and came to again refresh their souls with the faith once delivered to the saints. What a revelation of our losses through failure to conserve our own! What

a revelation of present opportunity! In hundreds of places throughout the West, we have the nucleus for a church. And in San Francisco we should and must, in the not distant future, have a church of sufficient size and dignity to command attention and proclaim an effective ministry.

But the great audience was seated, the back of the platform was filled with the musicians, along the front were ranged the Exposition officials and the officers and trustees of our four organizations participating, and then the following program was carried out:

Meeting called to order by the Rev. Lee S. McCollester, S. T. D., chairman of the Board of Trustees of the General Convention. Singing of "America," by the congregation, led by the Exposition Band. Address of Welcome by Mr. Charles A. Vogelsang, Commissioner of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Response by the Rev. Dr. McCollester, with address on "The Faith, History and Work of the Universalist Church." Music by the Ladies' Quartette, Miss Burns, Miss Pasmore, Mrs. Graham, and Mrs. DeLong. Scripture Lesson and Prayer, by the Rev. Dr. Wm. H. McGlauflin. Address, "Universalism and Worldwide Problems," the Rev. Dr. Marion D. Shutter. Solo, Miss Althea Burns. Address, "International Peace," the Rev. Frank Oliver Hall, D. D. Congregational hymn, "The New Age Vision." Benediction, the Rev. Frederick A. Bisbee, D. D.

Most of these addresses we have published in the *Universalist Leader*. We regret exceedingly that we have not a stenographic report of the word of welcome from Commissioner Vogelsang. As an address of its kind, it was a work of genius. When we consider that ten minutes before its delivery the speaker had to confess

that he knew nothing of our church, we recall with constantly renewed amazement his comprehensive grasp of our faith as the Gospel of Optimism, and the felicitous way in which he connected our philosophy of the Universal with the universal purpose of the Exposition. And all said in less than ten minutes. We who feel we are called to speak in public on the stage need to take lessons from Commissioner Vogelsang in return for the lesson in Universalism he so graciously took from us.

We were fortunate in being able to secure, through Prof. H. B. Pasmore of San Francisco, the choir of fine voices which aided so much in the religious services. And altogether, we can take great satisfaction in "Our Day."

There were some disappointments, however, and we have some lessons to learn. If we could only have known in advance what the Day was to mean to us; if we could have dreamed that six hundred people would seemingly rise out of the ground to hear again, or for the first time, the message of Universalism, the program committee would have been a little wiser in making up its program, not necessarily changing the speakers, but adding to them enough others to have secured the outlining in half a dozen ten-minute speeches, of our reasons for being on the earth! We had a great opportunity and we did well under the circumstances, but we should have done better. We did not know that a San Francisco fog, cold as Greenland's icy mountains, was going to sweep in through the archway, when our meeting was about two-thirds over, but it did! You may not know what a cold San Francisco fog is! Well, to the delicate Eastern constitution it seems like the liquefying of the North

Pole and pouring the same down the back of your neck! Our theology was not Orthodox enough to counteract it, and we surrendered and missed the climax of the occasion. But perhaps it is just as well; I do not think we could have stood any more glory in one day, but next time we shall be better prepared. We shall know what to do and how to do it.

We should have had a fine exhibit at the Exposition of all our literature, and pictures and statistics of what we have done in the way of missions, education and social service. We could not have invested one thousand dollars to better effect than to have established such an exhibit and placed it in charge of a wise manager. We should have been able to send our message to every land under the sun. We struggle so hard to get a congregation of two hundred to whom we want to impart our Gospel, when by the use of literature in a World's Fair, we can reach hundreds of thousands of people. But we must think in larger figures; we must want to do something big enough to be worth while. Instead of asking some of our poor people for a contribution of a dollar towards making an exhibit, we must expect from some of our rich people a thousand or five thousand dollars to do the thing right. We know there are those who are sad as they think of the members of our little church spending more than one hundred thousand dollars on this memorable pilgrimage, but it was the best investment we ever made. If three hundred of us can raise one hundred thousand dollars when we are interested, then the three hundred thousand members of our congregations can easily raise a million dollars to set our cause on its way towards that success which will mean the

world's salvation. We do not know our possibilities, any more than the committee of arrangements knew that six hundred people would rise up out of the ground to worship with us on Universalist Day at the Exposition.

The official photograph, about a yard in length, is of historic value. Excellent in quality, it is well worth the price of one dollar, showing as it does really fine portraits of the hundreds who assembled to honor themselves in honoring our day. In the front row appear about all of the officers of our Conventions, and the leading men and women of our denomination.

Universalist Day was the climax of our tour. Everything had led up to that, and mostly our people had kept in line, but it was curious to see how there were some who were timid, who did not dare to take any risk of humiliation, and they kept out of the picture, and out of the procession, and came in on the side a little later! This is one thing we must overcome, this separateness, this exclusive spirit which lingers in the background until others have won success, and then seeks to come in for a share! But what progress we have made! Never have we had such a record of faithfulness in attending upon the sessions of the Conventions and the "post-Convention" meetings, even amidst such temptations to stray as were never before presented. We glory in the achievements of the Pilgrimage; we glory more in the new sense of what we can do, and what we are going to do from now on.

Much that was done in the way of missionary work along the way, going and coming, has not yet been reported, and will not be until the General Superintendent tells the story, and when he does, it will occasion surprise and joy to know that when I have told the story

of the trip and of our Conventions, the half of the good work has not been told. But for me there remains but the pleasant task of returning the Pilgrims to their Eastern homes.

THE COLONNADE

CHAPTER XI

FACING HOMEWARD

Had not my parents thoughtlessly refrained from having triplets when I was born, it would have been a great convenience to me when, at the dispersion of the Universalist hosts the morning after "Universalist Day," three parties took three different routes to their Eastern homes! Manifestly I could not accompany them all, and as a matter of fact I did not accompany any one of them, so at least I can occupy a neutral position in the conflict of opinion which has arisen through each party claiming it had the best time! Generally I have found it the part of wisdom to agree with a returning tourist, whether European or American; having been one myself, I know how difficult it is to get the other fellow's point of view. Fortunately I am a sympathetic listener to the tales of all these three parties, because much of the ground traversed is familiar to me through going over it, if not by train, then by post card and railroad circulars! And, by the way, much of the joy of the modern traveler is dampened in these days by the flight of picture postals which haunt him with their truth telling, when he is in a romancing mood! The returning traveler from an unknown region has been under peculiar temptations to feed the eager wondering of his hearers, not only with the things he really saw, but with those far greater wonders he im-

agined. So common were lapses in this line in the past, that it is recorded that a cautious Scotchman who was to introduce a somewhat famous lecturer on travel, said, as he called the meeting to order, "With your permission I will open the meeting with a bit of a prayer," and then prayed, "O, Lord, have mercy on the soul of Thy servant, and may he speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, Amen." And then turning to the lecturer he said in a whispered explanation, "You see, sir, I have been something of a traveler mysel'!" Now every one, though he be a home-body, knows so much that it is difficult to tell him anything. But there is a great advantage to be enjoyed by the traveler through almost any portion of the great West, for the West is so big, and so varied, that after you conclude you have seen it all, you are just about ready to begin again, and even those who may not have departed from the customary lines of travel, can yet rejoice in having seen something which no one else has been able to pick up along the well-worn way. And another fact which is vital is that real scenery, the majesty of nature in her more rugged moods, does not exhaust itself in being seen over and over again. The fact that hundreds of thousands of marveling eyes have gazed upon the weird and awful grandeur of the Grand Canyon, has not taken away from that titanic spectacle one atom of its power to thrill the sensitive heart and artistic sense of the soul that gazes upon it for the first time. It is one of the glories of God which is new every morning and fresh every evening, save to the superficial and calloused soul into which its sublimity can not sink.

We have been seeking the values which have been returned to those who took this great pilgrimage, and

THREE MOUNTAINS

SIR DONALD

MOUNT TAMALPAIS MOUNT LOWE

we are apt to miss the greatest value of all. Of course every minister who was fortunate enough to be of the chosen, is sure to get no end of sermons from what he has seen, and many of them, we fear, will get several lectures! Through all the years to come their sermons will be enriched with illustrations gathered along the way, and their conversation punctuated with, "When I was in the West!" We can see and hear what they got, but the real riches of the journey came to these young people who were seeing for the first time, who had not yet put on the glasses of the critic, and who now, after it is all over, hesitate and stumble, and cry out in their despair, "Oh, I can not tell!" Of course they can not tell; their minds and hearts are like a jug too full to pour! But the wonder and worth are there, and will all come out in their developing life. They could only cry out, "Oh!" and "Ah!" or, most impressive of all, keep silence, as they stood before the imperial majesty of one of the mountains of the Lord's House, but the impression on those mobile souls will never die. There was more of genuine education for the young in the month of experience, than in years in the school room with life and scenery at second hand.

It would have been a joy to keep our group unbroken and to share the thrills of scenery through the Sierras, the Colorado Rockies, the National Park and the Canadian Rockies, but of course it was impossible within the brief limits of one month, and therefore, by dividing, we could bring home a composite picture to which each could make a contribution. And those on one route could easily follow in imagination those upon another, and, as I have intimated, the unfettered imagination serves to enrich realities, and turn commonplaces into

extravagances. I had thought to gather from the returned pilgrims enough of details of all the journeys as seen through other eyes, to make an interesting and comprehensive account, but I presently found it was impractical. When I asked one who had been through the Canadian Rockies for interesting incidents, he said, "Did you hear of the experience of one of our ministers who grew eloquent over the splendor of the scenery, and tried to get some practise for his next lecture, on an innocent and inoffensive native?" No, I had not heard, and this is what he told: We had gone a little aside from the beaten path, and come into a deep valley, or canyon, or cooley, or whatever you may call it, where there was a little log cabin, with several small children playing about, and a tough looking, fiercely bewhiskered man who, if not a native son, seemed to have all the marks of the soil. He seemed kindly and commonplace enough, and cheerfully gave us a drink of water, but was a little shy of information, and, so far as we could see, was wholly unimpressed with the grandeur of the mountains surrounding his home, in fact, it almost appeared that he had never seen the splendors in the midst of which he was living, and so it appealed to one of our ministers, who is conspicuous for his eloquence, that the man should be enlightened as to the riches amidst which he was privileged to live. And so he pointed to a majestic peak and remarked upon its sublimity, and the native looked up to it as if seeing it for the first time, and confessed it was a pretty big hill, and the best place for berries in that section! Undiscouraged, the man of eloquence began again, and waving his arms with comprehensive gesture, he asked if the glory

of that scene never unfolded before him as the turning of the leaves of revelation. "Have you never seen the lambent flame of dawn leaping above the corrugated horizon on the east? Have you never seen the sulphurous islets floating in a seat of fire? Have you never seen the shadows of midnight, black as the raven's wing, blotting out these monstrous, volcanic creations which rim your valley?" And then, as he paused for a reply, the native said slowly and distinctly, "Well no, stranger, I hain't never seen none of them things—since I signed the pledge!"

Now taking that as a sample of what I could get from others, I am thrown back upon my own resources for material for our final glimpse of the Golden West and the last days of our vacation before we open the door of home and begin the homely task of paying the bill for our pleasant outing.

It was altogether gratifying that we could hold together so many of the original party up to the climax of our special day at the Exposition; that the supreme object of our pilgrimage, that of serving our Church, could have been so well accomplished as to not only make an impression upon the Pacific Coast, but to bring into the hearts of all our workers, in every department, a new and lively sense of unity for a larger service. There is no doubt about our having put heart into our workers in the West, but our larger service is the awakening of a new self-respect in our Church throughout the whole country; we have revealed to ourselves, and to others, that we are capable of doing large things in a large way, we have revealed to ourselves, what some had begun to doubt, that there is a place in the world for the Uni-

versalist Church, a place no other can fill. And we have learned some lessons which will be of the utmost value to us in the future, when we begin to do some of those things and fill some of those large places. We have learned that the keyword to our success is co-operation in whatever we attempt; that we must learn the lesson of self-sacrifice, the giving up of our own particular hobby when it is for the general good, that we can do these great things only as we all join in and give ourselves to them. Of course we can figure out, as some did, how they could do some things cheaper, and see some things which they liked pretty well, by going away and flocking by ourselves, but that is not the way the world or a church or genuine happiness moves forward. We must discover that in things worth while, we gain only by giving. And we have had a great lesson in this elemental factor of success.

And after learning our lesson, and enjoying our schooling, we are going home to all its sacred associations, but with a larger vision. And it remains for me but to take you by the most direct route, but you can be assured it is not without beauty and interest, and perhaps as you must hear from others about the other ways, this one may have the virtue of novelty. And as my group of travelers was small, and all are pledged to endorse whatever I may say, there are tempting diversions to the wooing of which I may not say nay.

The first trans-continental railroad was opened when the golden spike was driven which joined the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific roads near Ogden, in Utah. That was a good while ago, and at the time it did not seem possible that there would ever be any need of an-

other line, but to-day there are several roads which have broken through the mountain barriers and tied the two oceans more firmly together, and these new roads with their spirit of enterprise have magnified to the traveling public the wonders and charms of scenery which they have unfolded, and so the old "direct route" has been somewhat obscured by the glory of the newer routes. But after having been over this route four times and over all but one of the other routes at least once, I want to say that if the Ogden route could be freed from the disconcerting and disappointing snow-sheds through so much of the trip over the Sierras, it need ask no favors of the others; even if the management would kindly knock out a board on the line of the eye, or hinge the board so it could be dropped during the summer, it would add at least a million to its assets in its appeal to the tourist. But as it is, one can enjoy playing hide and seek with some of the world's grandest scenery. We come to it in such a natural and winning way, when, after passing through the Sacramento valley, we begin to climb up through the canyons, we watch the great world unfolding below us, and then plunge into a veritable turmoil of rocky peaks and chasms, each turn opening new scenes and wonders, until we are impressed with the mystery and magnitude of the handiwork of God.

It is an experience long to be remembered, to have really climbed over a wide range of mountains, and you get this experience in the Sierras as you can not in the Rockies, for there the approach is too gradual. Through the daylight we climb up, we poise for a brief moment on the summit, and then plunge down, conscious all the

time of the incline of the car, so steep is the ascent and descent.

Just over the summit at the queer, wild western city of Truckee, one feels the lure which draws one still deeper into the mystery of the high places, to where rests the brightest jewel of the Sierras, Lake Tahoe. Mine is but a memory-visit, but the memory remains as deep and clear as the waters of the lake. How did it happen, this great body of water near the top of this majestic range of mountains? Nothing attracts me quite so much as lakes, not simply because there are possibilities of fishing, but because water is such a near approach of the material to the living, and in Tahoe water is at its best —the great area of the surface surrounded by heavy timber to the water's edge, and back farther the mountain peaks, often snow-capped in the midst of summer, unbroken through the circle of the horizon. And then the depths! So clear is the water that the bottom is as clearly seen at seventy feet as the mountains through the rare atmosphere. I tried to compare Tahoe with the lakes in the East, with those of Switzerland and Italy, but Tahoe is incomparable; I believe it is the most beautiful sheet of water in the world, and for those who can break the trans-continental journey with a few days on its shores or sailing over its surface, there is an undying experience of beauty and satisfaction.

From Truckee there is a coast of hundreds of miles down the Truckee River canyon and out on to and across the desert of Nevada and Utah, until we strike the Great Salt Lake, as weird as Tahoe is beautiful. This we cross by the now famous "Cut-off" on which the train literally goes to sea, even as it does on the Key West road off the

south of Florida. It is novel, this going to sea in a Pullman, but it is an illustration of the spirit of "get there" which dominates the age. We must spend millions of dollars in order to cut out a couple of hours from a journey of five days. We wonder at the venturesomeness of men who are willing to risk the millions, but we must remember that we who travel and pay the freight pay this bill also, and we do not notice the millions, because our personal share is so small!

East of the Rockies, the trans-continental journey is like marriage in books; it is the end of the story! We follow the hero and heroine through the chapters of their trials and tribulations, we give them our sympathy, even our tears, and then when we have kept them company right up to the wedding day, the door is slammed in our faces and we are out in the cold! Perhaps because we are not to know, or already know too much. Just so the returning pilgrim from the Pacific Coast is enthusiastic until he slips down into the Mississippi valley with its monotonous levels, so rich in production, so poor in variety;—the story is done, the book is closed.

Perhaps it is a good place to close my story of this great Church enterprise which, started with such timidity, carried on with such faith, has culminated in such an unqualified success. Naturally to so humble a tale there should be, as was the fashion in olden times, another chapter of moralizing, but I have the happy thought of referring you all for all possible morals, to the editorial department of the *Leader* during the succeeding months, for the riches of this pilgrimage are not to be exhausted in any one telling. I might go on indefinitely, but I prefer to emulate the Irish orator, who

after talking for three hours, closed by saying, "I am not through, but I'm done!" And I am done, save for an attempt to follow stumblingly some of the other Pilgrims on their homeward way.

CHAPTER XII

THE JOURNEY I DID NOT TAKE

So many of our people returned by the northern routes, that this record would be incomplete were we not, in spirit at least, to follow and share with them the adventures and joys which seemed the culmination of this remarkable pilgrimage. To me much of the territory traversed has been made familiar through former journeyings, and so with the help of other eyes I shall go again over old paths, and even into those that are new. And after all, I shall only be doing what we are all doing all the time; it is such a little world we see and know until it is multiplied and magnified through others. The journeys I have taken through others going, the things I have seen through others seeing, the things I have known through others knowing, swell my own small experiences into a life worth living. And there is yet another advantage to the indirect method;—we have the unpleasant screened out while the good remains. Of course there are bound to be some shadows on every path —they were very real and very serious when they fell on me—but so soon are they lifted that they seem never to have been, and so when I see through others' eyes and hear through others' ears, if I choose, my journey may be through ways of pleasantness and paths of peace. And I so choose.

There are two ways north from San Francisco, prob-

ably more, but two ways generally chosen by travelers. One is by sea, and how well I remember my experience on that voyage many years ago. It was just after the discovery of gold in the Klondike, and accidentally we were caught in the mad rush which nearly overwhelmed the first steamer to sail after the news reached San Francisco. And we were in the rush; our innocent pleasure trip to British Columbia was rudely interrupted by this scramble after gold. The ship was so jammed with men and mules and munitions that it was almost impossible to move, and to get to the dinner table one must sit on the companion stairs from breakfast time! But in spite of discomforts we came safely into port. The voyage is different to-day, and as I take it over with some of our party, without the fret of buying tickets, and getting state-rooms and taking chances of being seasick, I discover that the boats are bigger and better and faster, and there is the excitement of a contest with the railroad train, which in the valley just over the Coast Range is speeding to Portland, and we get there in just the same time.

There is a bit of a thrill to the Easterner in being afloat on the great Pacific Ocean, which separates us from, and joins us to, the mighty and mysterious Eastern Hemisphere. We shall never be quite so local again; our horizon has been extended and all our standards of judgment must be reset. The waters of the Pacific do not differ greatly from those of the Atlantic, but even a twenty-four hours' sail upon them will shatter a lot of our littleness. A wide view on the waters of a wide ocean has a suggestion of the transforming power of a wide view in theology, and I am sure all our young people who have enlarged their horizon by this trip will be

VIA SHASTA ROUTE TO CANADA

more appreciative of the splendid liberty and glorious perspective of their Church.

But mostly our party followed the scenic Shasta route, and there is nothing better, however different. Very often we make a mistake in comparing or contrasting scenery instead of enjoying each bit on its merit. The mountain that is fourteen thousand feet high may not have the charm of the one that is only ten thousand, for all these measurements are from the sea level, and the mountain of ten thousand feet rising directly from the sea, as a matter of scenery, is higher than the one of fourteen thousand feet, if the latter is only to be seen when the observer is himself five thousand feet high before he looks. It all depends upon our point of view in judging mountains—or men.

There is a certain amount of satisfaction, whether justified or not, in having our prophecies fulfilled. When the pessimists were foretelling our suffering from the heat in the south country, I maintained that we should suffer more in the north, and that is the way it turned out, for the first really oppressive heat was experienced that first night up through the Sacramento Valley and the next day, through the beginnings of the northern mountains. But in spite of the oppression, the panorama unfolding as the train sped on held the literally breathless attention. Mount Shasta is the shifting center of all the pictures, for with atmospheric conditions favorable, this marvelous Mountain of the Lord's House appears and disappears, and with each new appearance presents some new face and charm. For half a day we are in its companionship, and once we stopped seemingly almost at its foot, but really miles away, to drink of the Shasta Spring whose waters are pushed upward in a

most graceful fountain, and then on into the very heart of timber-clad mountains, whose sides are scarred here and there by mining enterprises, till we crossed the state line of Oregon and swept down into the beautiful city of Portland, to be the guests of our own church people.

The story has already been told of that day, and yet we must repeat, in the words of one of our keenly observing young people, that the reception was one of the bright spots in the whole trip. In this great commercial center and beautiful residential city, we found that there had been builded a Universalist church which was a real church; in location and architecture, and the memory of the historic laying of the corner-stone by President Taft, it had won a commanding place in the community. Dr. Corby, the pastor, led his people in a whirlwind of hospitality. An Oregon lunch, largely of salmon and loganberry pie, and a drive which was showered with the roses which "bloom every month in the year," made memorable the hours, and left enriching recollections.

From Portland the way was through Tacoma to Seattle, the latter being the stopping place, but a few returning to Tacoma for a service in our church, which, under the ministry of Mr. Morgan, has won a notable and enduring success.

Tacoma and Seattle have only one great mountain to divide between them—in the former place you must speak of it as Mount Tacoma, in the latter as Mount Ranier, unless you would invite questioning glances—and yet it has beauty enough for both if either the smoke or the fogs do not veil its face. Some were fortunate enough to see the veil lifted, disclosing an ideal peak.

One of the pleasantest features of the itinerary was disclosed in the steamer trip over Puget Sound to Vic-

toria, and later to Vancouver. Few bodies of water in the world are so ideal for voyaging, for, sheltered as it is, it is peaceful as a lake, and its shores are of exquisite beauty. Coming into the Canadian cities there came the realization of the fact that we were in a foreign land, and at this time a land involved, though so far away, in the European War. And from then on until the return to our own country, there were evidences, in the guarded bridges and the presence of soldiers, of the far-reaching influences of the awful conflict. But the "world was ours," and through the parks, among the giant trees, and the streets of commercial enterprise we were taken, and then, at the strange hour of 16: 45, for so do they measure time in this foreign land, the faces of the Pilgrims were turned at last towards home.

It would take a book, rather than the mere postscript to these sketches, to tell of the next few days amid the wonders of the Canadian Rockies. One thrilling surprise follows after another, with no perceptible interval between, as the train rises from the sea level up into the awe-inspiring heights where one feels like a midget among the Titans who might have been homed among those majestic peaks and glittering glaciers.

Out of the confusion of abundance of scenic marvels there rise a few names about which centers the memory of any who pass through this region. It was Sunday in Glacier, surrounded by towering peaks among which strolling parties wandered through the afternoon, and it was not only fitting, but quite inevitable, that there should be suggested a service in the evening, which was held in the parlor of the hotel, the Rev. Mr. Ayres speaking for our people. Another illustration of how closely we adhered to our purpose to make this a religious pil-

grimage; while having all the joys of an everyday excursion it was enriched by a distinctly religious purpose, and our people were true to the purpose.

Lake Louise and Banff afforded our pilgrims an opportunity to really get out, through horseback trails and in conveyances and on foot, into the very life of the Lake Among the Clouds, and the real glaciers, and all

PORTLAND, OREGON, CHURCH AND PASTOR

the glories of the Canadian National Park. It was here that the Great Divide was crossed, and the plunge down and across the long plains took the train again across the border into the States, and then, just to renew the sense of home, the people of our churches in Minneapolis received us with gracious courtesy, and sent us on towards the rising sun, and our homes, with hearts full of happiness.

And all the while this group of pilgrims was enjoying the marvels of the North, another group had been seeing other, and, they insist, greater wonders, of our own Na-

tional Yellowstone Park, where days were spent amid the strange freaks and beauties of nature, and yet another group was exploring the Colorado Rockies, and carrying out the spirit of the Pilgrimage by holding services in our churches in Colorado Springs and Denver.

So ends the story for those who read, but for those who lived it it will never end, and for our Church it marks an era, when we found ourselves,—discovered our possibilities, and swung open the doors to a larger future.

THE END

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